THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

MARCH, 1802.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

Embellished with a fine Portrait.

Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey,
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles—
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all!

YOUNG.

FEW names are more generally known to the public than that of YOUNG—his *Satires*, his *Plays*, and, above all, his *Night-thoughts*, cannot fail of conveying his fame down to distant generations. His ideas are highly original, and his expressions glow with that fervor which recommends itself to the serious and thinking mind. Few authors are read with more delight and satisfaction.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG was born in 1681, being the only son of his father, who was Dean of Sarum. He received his education at Winchester college, whence he proceeded to the New College, Oxford, but was afterwards removed to Corpus Christi.—In 1708, Archbishop Tennison nominated him to a fellowship at All Souls, where, in 1719, he took the degree of bachelor of civil law; and five years after he reached to that of doctor of laws, which he preserved through life.

A report has been circulated that our author was not at this period perfectly regular in his conduct and manners. We should be sorry to suggest any thing of the kind without proper authority—but from his connection with the gay world, and from the immediate patronage of the witty though profligate Wharton, it is propable that the report is not wholly without foundation—he, however, seems always to have preserved a regard for religion: his speculative views appear never to have been altered. Tindal, the deist (who used to pass much of his time at All Souls), was known to have exclaimed—"The other boys I can always answer, because I know whence they have their arguments, which I have read an hundred times—but that fellow, YOUNG, is continually pestering me with something of his own!" This curious declaration bears testimony not only to his sentiments, but to that originality by which his writings are distinguished.

In 1713 he published his *Last Day*, which established his reputation for poetry; the awfulness of the topic would interest every thoughtful mind, and being the production of a layman, it of course attracted great attention. Johnson indeed confers upon it, in his *Lives of the Poets*, a kind of mixed praise: "It has (says this celebrated critic) an equability and propriety which he afterwards either never endeavoured for, or never attained. Many

paragraphs are noble, and few are mean—yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception. But the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the thought of the *last day* makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction and disdains expression!" What justice there may be in these remarks must be left to the opinion of the reader; certain it is that the poem possesses uncommon merit, and raised its author to a considerable eminence in the religious world.

The next poem offered to the public was entitled *The Force of Religion* (founded on the deaths of Lady Jane Grey and her husband). This piece does not appear to have been much noticed; Dr. Johnson indeed in a very summary way passes judgment upon it in these words: "It is written with elegance enough, but was never popular, for *Jane* is too heroic to be pitied."

In the year 1719, his tragedy of *Busiris* was acted at Drury-lane, having been written many years before, but kept by him for reasons with which we are unacquainted. It is supposed that his works underwent frequent revision previous to publication —this was a sure way of contributing towards the solidity of his reputation.

The *Revenge*, the most popular of all his tragedies, soon after made its appearance. The passion is wrought up to the highest pitch of excess; *Zanga* is a dreadful character, treasuring up a deadly hatred for an injury received from his master, by whose blood alone he is pacified! The piece cannot be read without interest, and (continuing still to be acted) its merits on the stage are indisputable. The writer of the tragedy must have been deeply

acquainted with the human heart, and by depicting the operation of so violent a passion, has furnished a valuable lesson to mankind.

The *Love of Fame*, the UNIVERSAL PASSION, must be next mentioned, in seven characteristic satires, published at different times between the years 1725 and 1728. This work had a very extensive circulation, and the talents of the author were much applauded. Dr. Johnson with his usual discernment, pronounces this favourable judgment respecting it: "It is a very great performance. It is said to be a series of epigrams—and if it be, it is what the author intended. His endeavour was at the production of striking distiches and pointed sentences—and his distiches have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truths. His characters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with nicety; his illustrations are often happy, and his reflections often just. His species of satire is between those of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and he has the gaiety of *Horace* without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of *Juvenal* with greater variety of images."

An ode called *Ocean*, with an introductory address to the *king*, and an *Essay on Lyric Poetry*, were published by him on the accession of George the First; but neither of these pieces, though evidently written with labour, ever attained to any distinction.

We are now arrived at that remarkable epoch in our poet's life, when he became a DIVINE. Nearly *fifty* years of age, he entered the church, and was soon made chaplain to the king. What his particular reasons were for assuming the clerical profession we are not competent to declare: he seems always to have had a mind strongly disposed towards religion, and he probably from his connections had considerable prospects of preferment.

His first publication after becoming a divine was his *Vindication of Providence, and Estimate of human Life.* It contains many original and striking observations—the plan however was never finished. A loyal sermon on the 30th of January, called an *Apology for Princes*, was his next production, tho' we do not hear of its meeting with any appropriate reward.

The year 1730 saw him presented to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, worth about 300*l.* per annum; here he continued through the remainder of his life, though he certainly expected farther preferment.

The year after he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, the widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter of the Earl of Litchfield. By her he had one son—of which some notice shall be taken in another part of this biography.

Having published about this period various little pieces, such as a *Naval Ode, two Epistles to Pope, Sea-piece, &c.* he soon began his *Night-thoughts*, the best of all his works. The following was the occasion on which this celebrated work is thought to have been written. Losing, about the year 1741, his own wife, her daughter by Colonel Lee, and the daughter's husband, Mr. Temple—his attention was powerfully directed to the contemplation of the invisible world! Such severe and repeated losses would agitate his passions and impress his heart; he therefore vented his sorrow in the composition of these mournful strains; he gave a loose to his sensibility—he suffered his imagination to expatiate uncontrouled on *life*, *death*, and *immortality!*

The effusions are addressed to *Lorenzo*, a man of pleasure—not his son, for the seventh night is dated 1744 in the original edition, so that the son was then only *seven* years of age. The son-in-law

is thought to be *Philander*, and his lady's daughter, *Narcissa*, who died of a consumption in France. Being a Protestant, he buried her by night with his own hands—a scene which he describes in his *Night-thoughts* with his characteristic energy.

Of the merits of the *Night-thoughts* much might be said, for it has attracted very general admiration. Some parts are certainly obscure, and it is said that even he himself, upon being afterwards applied to, could not explain them. Other parts also seem to paint human life with too deep a gloom, so as to amount, in the opinion of some persons, to a reflection on Providence—an idea indeed which we doubt not the poet himself would have disavowed. The *Night-thoughts* were published at various times, and then gathered into one complete volume: these excessive colourings are principally to be found in the first books, and therefore, apart from the other books, appeared more objectionable. Accordingly they were attacked, on their publication, with spirit and ability by the Rev. Joseph Burroughs, a dissenting minister of great learning and piety: his piece was called *Day-thoughts*, or a Vindication of the Divine Goodness; it was written in blank verse, the exceptionable passages of YOUNG being interwoven in italics. Inferior to the *Night-thoughts* in poetry, it abounded with excellent observations. We have no right to say that it led our poet to more cheerful strains—though it is certain, in the subsequent nights there is a considerable alteration for the better: to use the words of Dr. YOUNG—the *Triumph cancels the Complaint*; so that, taken all together, the work is entitled to our hearty approbation. The writer of this article has the *Day-thoughts* in his possession, and deems it a literary curiosity.

The *Night-thoughts*, with the exception of a few obscure and extravagant passages, must be pro-

nounced an admirable production. Dr. Johnson speaks of its merits in this decisive manner: "In his NIGHT-THOUGHTS he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wildness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage—the wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded—the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to a Chinese plantation—the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity!"

To this happy delineation of the *Night-thoughts* it may be added, that there is a vein of melancholy running through every part of it particularly interesting to the serious and thoughtful mind. The gay and licentious will find no charms in the composition; but to the soul broken down by affliction—to the mind wearied out by the cares and anxieties of life—the sentiments inculcated will meet with the most cordial reception. Harrassed by the vicissitudes of mortality, we leave off the wearisome pursuit of happiness in which we have been engaged, and turn our attention to the complete blessedness of the eternal world!

We shall now just mention the few other publications which he gave to the public:—his *Poetical Reflections* related to the rebellion of 1745; his tragedy, the *Brothers*, which appeared in 1753, the profits of which were presented to the society for the propagation of the Gospel, made up by the author 1000*l.*—his *Centaur not fabulous*, in which

the excessive love of pleasure is justly exposed and reprobated; his *Conjectures on original Composition*, addressed to Richardson the novelist, and containing some excellent observations, in a style more indicative of youth than age; and lastly, his *Resignation*, thought to be the least vigorous of his productions, though Johnson allows it to be written with his usual spirit and ability.

He died at *Welwyn*, April 5th, 1765, in the 84th year of his age, and was interred (agreeable to his request) by the side of his lady, under the altar-piece of that church; a marble monument was erected by his only son and heir, Mr. Frederic Young, with an appropriate inscription.

This son had indeed incurred his displeasure—but with the particulars of this unpleasant affair we are are not acquainted: the following letter (lately published in a periodical miscellany) throws light on this subject, and, relating to the last moments of so extraordinary a genius, is well worth attention:—

Welwyn, April 13, 1765.

"I HAVE now the pleasure to acquaint you that the late DR. YOUNG, though he had for many years kept his son at a distance, has now at last left him all his possessions, after the payment of certain legacies, so that the young gentleman, who bears a fair character, and behaves well as far as I can hear or see, will, I hope, soon enjoy and make a prudent use of a very handsome fortune. The father on his death-bed, and since my return from London, was applied to in the tenderest manner by one of his physicians and by another person, to admit the son into his presence *to make submission, intreat forgiveness, and obtain his blessing!* As to an interview with his son, he intimated that he chose to decline it, as his spirits were then low and his nerves weak.

With regard to the next particular, he said, "*I heartily forgive him!*" and upon mention of the last, he gently lifted up his hand, and letting it gently fall, pronounced these words, "*God bless him!*" After about a fortnight's illness, and enduring excessive pains, he expired a little before eleven of the clock at night of Good Friday last, the 5th instant, and was decently buried yesterday about six in the afternoon, in the chancel of this church, close by the remains of his lady, under the communion-table, the clergy (who are the trustees of his charity-schools), and one or two others, attending the funeral—the last office, of interment, being performed by me.—He was pleased to make respectful mention of me in his will, expressing his satisfaction in my care of his parish, bequeathing to me a handsome legacy."

"JOHN JONES, HIS CURATE."

With respect to the character of DR. YOUNG, it must be acknowledged, that he in the first part of life was guilty of gross flattery towards the great, and was too much under the influence of ambition. There are passages in his *Night-thoughts* written evidently in the anguish of disappointment. But his good sense afterwards saw the folly of his former conduct, and reprobates it with becoming indignation. His mind was strong, his imagination fervid, and his expressions are marked by an originality. In his *Night-thoughts* his genius appears with the greatest advantage; this seems to have been his own opinion, for in the last edition of his works the title-page runs thus—'*By the Author of the Night-thoughts*;' thus assigning to that performance a decisive superiority.

He had a wonderful mixture of seriousness and cheerfulness in his disposition—the two following anecdotes will corroborate this assertion:—

A friend who was upon a visit to DR. YOUNG was introduced into his garden, for the purpose of an evening walk. The doctor was pointing out the several embellishments which decorated this spot of ground; coming at length to the centre of the inclosure, "Here," says the doctor, turning to his friend, "stood a sun-dial of curious construction, with this motto, alluding to time—EHEU FUGAX! *Alas! it flies away, it disappears!* which," added the reverend divine, "was sadly verified; for my sun-dial, stolen away, disappeared the next morning!"

The other little tale relates to his being in the garden walking with some ladies, to one of whom he was then paying his addresses, and afterwards married. The servant came and informed his master that a gentleman wanted him in the house; the doctor, unwilling to quit the ladies, refused to go; they, however, taking him by the hand, led him to the gate, and obliged him to leave them; when parting with them, he, looking back, exclaimed in the following extempore lines:

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driv'n;
And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n;
Like him I go, and yet to go am loath—
Like him I go, for angels drove us both!
Hard was *his* fate—but *mine* still more unkind,
His Eve went with him—but *mine* stays behind!

We close this biographical detail by declaring it to be our opinion that the *beneficial effects* of DR. YOUNG's writings will extend themselves to LATEST POSTERITY!

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LX]

THE FARMER'S BOY,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

"Again the YEAR's *decline*, 'midst storms and floods,
The thund'ring chace, the yellow fading woods,
Invite my song!"

FARMER'S BOY.

PURSUING the *seasons of the year* in regular succession, we have passed through Spring and Summer, and are now arrived at *Autumn*—a period well entitled to our attention. The hope of the husbandman is about to be realised—his manifold labours are about to be rewarded. The blossoms of Spring, however beautiful to the eye, have disappeared, and now burst forth into substantial reality.

The characteristic traits of *Autumn* are pourtrayed by Mr. Bloomfield with his usual fidelity. Take the following specimens, with which the reader of taste must be pleased.

The *swine* feeding deliciously on the fallen acorns are thus described.

No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply
The restless wand'ring tenants of the STY—
From oak to oak they run with eager haste,
And, wrangling, share the first delicious taste
Of fallen ACORNS, yet but thinly found,
Till the strong gale have shook them to the ground:
It comes—and roaring woods obedient wave;
Their home, well pleas'd, the joint adventurers leave,
The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young
(Playful, and white, and clean) the briars among

Till briars and thorns increasing fence them round,
Where last year's mouldering leaves bestrew the ground,
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls!

The *business* of Autumn is thus touched upon in a truly picturesque manner:

No idling hours are here when fancy trims
Her dancing taper over outstretch'd limbs,
And in her thousand thousand colours drest,
Plays round the grassy couch of noontide rest;
Here GILES for hours of indolence atones,
With strong exertion and with weary bones—
And knows no leisure, till the distant chime
Of sabbath bells he hears at sermon time,
That down the break sound sweetly in the gale,
Or strike the rising hill, or skim the dale.

The *country church* and *church-yard* are very happily described:

Mean structure! where no bones of heroes lie!
The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone—else why that roof of straw,
Those narrow windows, with the freqaent flaw?
O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow spreads,
And rampant nettles lift their spiry heads;
Whilst from the hollows of the tower on high,
The grey-capp'd daws in saucy legions fly,
Round these lone walls assembling neighbours meet,
And tread departed friends beneath their feet;
And new brier'd graves, that prompt the secret sigh,
Shew each the spot where he himself must lie!—
Midst timely greetings village news goes round
Of crops late shorn, or crops that lick the ground,
Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join,
While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine,
With pride elate, their young associates brave
To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave,
Then close consulting, each his talent lends,
To plan fresh sports, when tedious service ends!

Then follows his delineations of *lovely Poll*, the maniac of the village—a most interesting portrait of human misery. We refer to it in the volume, being too long for transcription: it does credit to the head and heart of the poet, who has drawn his picture from melancholy reality.

The *hut* will please those who are fond of rural imagery.

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends,
The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends—
O for a *hovel* e'er so small or low,
Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,
Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes!
No sooner thought than see the structure rise
In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,
Sod for its walls, and straw in burdens bound,
Dried fuel hoarded, is his richest store,
And circling smoke obscures his little door—
Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,
And strolls the Crusoe of his lonely fields!

The *sport* of hunting, so common at this season of the year, is well depicted, and is introduced by the following just eulogy on the Duke of Grafton:

Bereft of song and ever-cheering green,
The soft endearments of the summer scene,
New harmony pervades the solemn wood,
Dear to the soul, and healthful to the blood;
For bold exertion follows on the sound
Of distant sportsmen; and the chiding hound
First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy—
Where smiling *Euston* boasts her good FITZROY,
Lord of pure alms and gifts that wide extend,
The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend!

The poet closes the *hunting scene* by paying a compliment to *poor faithful* TROUNCER, over whom this inscription is placed in Euston park:

Foxes rejoice! here buried lies your foe!

Indulging many pleasing reflections on the *decline of the year*, Mr. Bloomfield closes in the following appropriate manner:

Then welcome *cold!* welcome ye *snowy* nights!
Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure delights,
And confidence of hope the soul sustain,
While devastation sweeps along the plain.
Nor shall the child of poverty despair,
But bless the POWER that rules the changing year,
Assur'd, tho' horrors round his cottage reign,
That *Spring* will come, and nature smile again!

SINGULAR TAKING OF LOUISBOURG,

BY THE AMERICANS, IN 1745.

Communicated by John Evans, A. M.

From Belknap's History of New Hampshire, just published.

(Concluded from page 170.)

IN the undertaking and prosecuting of an enterprise so novel to the people of New-England, it is amusing to see how many projects were invented, what a variety of advice was given from all quarters, and what romantic expectations were formed by advisers and adventurers. During the inlistment, one of the officers was heard to say with great sobriety, that he intended to carry with him three shirts, one of which should be ruffled, because he expected that the general would give him the command of the city when it should be taken. An ingenious and benevolent clergyman presented to the general a plan for the incampment of the army, the opening of trenches, and the placing of batteries before the city. To prevent danger to the troops from subterraneous mines, he proposed that two confidential persons, attended by a guard, should,

during the night, approach the walls, that one should with a beetle strike the ground, while the other should lay his ear to it, and observe whether the sound was hollow, and that a mark should be set on all places suspected. Another gentleman, of equal ingenuity, sent the general a model of a flying bridge, to be used in scaling the walls of Louisbourg; it was so light that twenty men could carry it on their shoulders to the wall, and raise it in one minute. The aparatus for raising it consisted of four blocks, and two hundred fathoms of rope. It was to be floored with boards, wide enough for eight men to march abreast; and to prevent danger from the enemy's fire, it might be covered with raw hides. This bridge, it was said, might be erected against any part of the wall, even where no breach had been made; and it was supposed that a thousand men might pass over it in four minutes.

But the most extraordinary project of all was Shirley's scheme for taking the city by surprise, in the first night after the arrival of the troops, and before any British naval force could come to their assistance. It is thus delineated in a confidential letter which he wrote to Wentworth, when he urged him to send the New-Hampshire troops to Boston, to proceed thence with the fleet of transports:—"The success of our scheme for surprising Louisbourg will entirely depend on the execution of the first night after the arrival of our forces. For this purpose it is necessary that the whole fleet should make Chappeau-rouge point just at the shutting in of the day, when they cannot easily be discovered, and from thence push into the bay, so as to have all the men landed before midnight (the landing of whom it is computed by Capt. Durell and Mr. Bastide, will take up three hours at least). After which, the forming of the four several corps to be

employed in attempting to scale the walls of Louisbourg, near the east gate fronting the sea, and the west gate fronting the harbour; to cover the retreat of the two before-mentioned parties in case of a repulse; and to attack the grand battery (which attack must be made at the same time with the two other attacks)—will take up two hours more at least. After these four bodies are formed, their march to their respective posts from whence they are to make their attacks and serve as a cover to the retreat, will take up another two hours—which (supposing the transports to arrive in Chappeau-rouge bay at nine o'clock in the evening, and not before, as it will be necessary for them to do, in order to land and march under cover of the night) will bring them to four in the morning, being day-break, before they begin the attack, which will be full late for them to begin. Your excellency will from hence perceive how critical an affair the time of the fleet's arrival in Chappeau-rouge bay is, and how necessary it is to the success of our principal scheme that the fleet should arrive there in a body at that precise hour."

It is easy to perceive that this plan was contrived by a person totally unskilled in the arts of navigation and of war. The coast of Cape-Breton was dangerous and inhospitable, the season of the year rough and tempestuous, and the air a continual fog—yet a fleet of an hundred vessels, after sailing nearly two hundred leagues (for by this plan they were not to stop) must make a certain point of land "at a precise hour," and enter an unknown bay in an evening! The troops were to land in the dark, amidst a violent surf, on a rocky shore; to march through a thicket and bog three miles to the city, and some of them a mile beyond it to the royal battery. Men who had never been in action were to perform services which the most experienced

veteran would think of with dread; to pull down pickets with grapling irons, and scale the walls of a regular fortification with ladders (which were afterward found to be too short by ten feet!) all in the space of twelve hours from their first making the land, and nine hours from their debarkation. This part of the plan was prudently concealed from the troops.

The forces which New-Hampshire furnished for this expedition were three hundred and fifty men, including the crew of an armed sloop which convoyed the transports and served as a cruiser: they were formed into a regiment consisting of eight companies, and were under the command of Col. Samuel Moore. The sloop was commanded by Capt. John Fernald; her crew consisted of thirty men. The regiment, sloop, and transports were, by Governor Wentworth's written instructions to the general, put under his command. Besides these, a body of one hundred and fifty men was inlisted in New-Hampshire, and aggregated to the regiment in the pay of Massachusetts. Thus New-Hampshire employed five hundred men—about one-eighth part of the whole land force. In these men, there was such an ardor for action, and such a dread of delay, that it was impracticable to put them so far out of their course as to join the fleet at Boston. Shirley therefore altered the plan, and appointed a rendezvous at Canseau; where the forces of New-Hampshire arrived, two days before the general and his other troops from Boston.

The instructions which Pepperell received from Shirley were conformed to the plan which he had communicated to Wentworth, but much more particular and circumstantial. He was ordered to proceed to Canseau, there to build a block-house and battery, and leave two companies in garrison, and to deposit the stores which might not imme-

diately be wanted by the army; thence he was to send a detachment to the village of St. Peter's, on the island of Cape-Breton, and destroy it, to *prevent* any intelligence which might be carried to Louisbourg; for which purpose also, the armed vessels were to cruise before the harbour. The whole fleet was to sail from Canseau, so as to arrive in Chappeau-rouge bay about nine o'clock in the evening. The troops were to land in four divisions, and proceed to the assault before morning. If the plan for the surprisal should fail, he had particular directions where and how to land, march, encamp, attack, and defend; to hold councils and keep records; and to send intelligence to Boston by certain vessels retained for the purpose, which vessels were to stop at Castle William, and there receive the governor's orders Several other vessels were appointed to cruise between Canseau and the camp, to convey orders, transport stores, and *catch fish* for the army. To close these instructions, after the most minute detail of duty, the general was finally 'left to act upon unforeseen emergencies according to his discretion'—which, in the opinion of military gentlemen, is accounted the most rational part of the whole. Such was the plan for the reduction of a regularly constructed fortress, drawn by a lawyer, to be executed by a merchant, at the head of a body of husbandmen and mechanics, animated indeed by ardent patriotism, but destitute of professional skill and experience. After they had embarked, the hearts of many began to fail. Some repented that they had voted for the expedition, or promoted it; and the most thoughtful were in the greatest perplexity.

The troops were detained at Canseau three weeks, waiting for the ice which environed the island of Cape-Breton to be dissolved. They were all this time within view of St. Peter's, but were

not discovered. Their provisions became short; but they were supplied by prizes taken by the cruisers. Among others, the New-Hampshire sloop took a ship from Martinico, and retook one of the transports, which she had taken the day before. At length, to their great joy, Commodore Warren, in the Superbe, of sixty guns, with three other ships of forty guns each, arrived at Canseau, and, having held a consultation with the general, proceeded to cruise before Louisbourg. The general having sent the New-Hampshire sloop to cover a detachment which destroyed the village of St. Peter's and scattered the inhabitants, sailed with the whole fleet, but instead of making Chappeau rouge point in the evening, the wind falling short, they made it at the dawn of the next morning; and their appearance in the bay gave the first notice to the French of a design formed against them.

The intended surprisal being thus happily frustrated, the next thing after landing the troops was to invest the city. Vaughan, the adventurer from New-Hampshire, had the rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel, but refused to have a regular command. He was appointed one of the council of war, and was ready for any service which the general might think suited to his genius. He conducted the first column through the woods, within sight of the city, and saluted it with three cheers. He headed a detachment, consisting chiefly of the New-Hampshire troops, and marched to the north-east part of the harbour in the night, where they burned the warehouses containing the naval stores, and staved a large quantity of wine and brandy. The smoke of this fire being driven by the wind into the grand battery, so terrified the French, that they abandoned it and retired to the city, after having spiked the guns and cut the halliards of the flag-staff. The next morning as Vaughan was

was returning, with thirteen men only, he crept up the hill which overlooked the battery, and observed that the chimneys of the barrack were without smoke, and the staff without a flag. With a bottle of brandy, which he had in his pocket (though he never drank spirituous liquors), he hired one of his party, a Cape-Cod Indian, to crawl in at an embrasure and open the gate. He then wrote to the general these words, "May it please your honor, to be informed, that by the grace of God, and the courage of thirteen men, I entered the royal battery at nine o'clock, and am waiting for a reinforcement and a flag." Before either could arrive, one of the men climbed up the staff, with a red coat in his teeth, which he fastened by a nail to the top. This piece of triumphant vanity alarmed the city, and immediately an hundred men were dispatched in boats to retake the battery. But Vaughan, with his small party, on the naked beach, and in the face of a smart fire from the city and the boats, kept them from landing till the reinforcement arrived. In every duty of fatigue or sanguine adventure, he was always ready; and the New-Hampshire troops, animated by the same enthusiastic ardor, partook of all the labours and dangers of the siege. They were employed for fourteen nights successively in drawing cannon from the landing place to the camp, through a morass; and their Lieutenant-colonel Messervè, being a ship-carpenter, constructed sledges, on which the cannon were drawn when it was found that their wheels were buried in the mire; the men, with straps over their shoulders, and sinking to their knees in mud, performed labour beyond the power of oxen, which labour could be done only in the night or in a foggy day, the place being within plain view and random shot of the enemy's walls. They were much disappointed and chagrined when they found that these

meritorious services were not more distinctly acknowledged in the accounts which were sent to England, and afterwards published.

In the unfortunate attempt on the island battery by four hundred volunteers from different regiments, the New-Hampshire troops were very active. When it was determined to erect a battery on the light-house cliff, two companies of them (Mason's and Fernald's) were employed in that laborious service, under cover of their armed sloop; and when a proposal was made for a general assault by sea and land, Colonel Moore, who had been an experienced sea commander, offered to go on board the Vigilant with his whole regiment, and lead the attack, if in case of success he might be confirmed in the command of the ship; but when this was denied, most of the men who were fit for duty readily went on board the Princess Mary, to act as marines on that occasion.

It has been said that "this siege was carried on in a tumultuary and random manner, resembling a Cambridge commencement." The remark is in a great measure true. Though the business of the council of war was conducted with all the formality of a legislative assembly; though orders were issued by the general, and returns made by the officers at the several posts; yet the want of discipline was too visible in the camp. Those who were on the spot, have frequently in my hearing laughed at the recital of their own irregularities, and expressed their admiration when they reflected on the almost miraculous preservation of the army from destruction. They indeed presented a formidable front to the enemy; but the rear was a scene of confusion and frolic: while some were on duty at the trenches, others were racing, wrestling, pitching quoits, firing at marks or at birds, or running after shot from the enemy's guns, for which they received

a bounty, and the shot were sent back to the city. The ground was so uneven and the people so scattered, that the French could form no estimate of their numbers; nor could they learn it from the prisoners, taken at the island battery, who, on their examination, as if by previous agreement, represented the number to be vastly greater than it was. The garrison of Louisbourg had been so mutinous before the siege, that the officers could not trust the men to make a sortie, lest they should desert; had they been united and acted with vigor, the camp might have been surprised, and many of the people destroyed.

Much has been ascribed, and much is justly due to the activity and vigilance of Commodore Warren and the ships under his command; much is also due to the vigor and perseverance of the land forces—and the success was doubtless owing, under God, to the joint efforts of both. Something of policy, as well as bravery, is generally necessary in such undertakings; and there was one piece of management which, though not mentioned by any historian, yet greatly contributed to the surrender of the city.

The capture of the Vigilant, a French sixty-four gun ship, commanded by the marquis de la Maison Forte, and richly laiden with military stores for the relief of the garrison, was one of the most capital exploits performed by the navy. This ship had been anxiously expected by the French; and it was thought that the news of her capture, if properly communicated to them, might produce a good effect—but how to do it was the question. At length the commodore hit on this expedient, which he proposed to the general, who approved and put it in execution. In a skirmish on the island with a party of French and Indians, some English prisoners had been taken by them, and

used with cruelty. This circumstance was made known to the marquis, and he was requested to go on board of all the ships in the bay where French prisoners were confined, and observe the condition in which they were kept. He did so, and was well satisfied with their fare and accommodations. He was then desired to write to the governor of the city, and inform him how well the French prisoners were treated, and to request the like favour for the English prisoners. The humane marquis readily consented, and the letter was sent the next day by a flag, intrusted to the care of a Capt. Macdonald. He was carried before the governor and his chief officers, and by pretending not to understand their language, he had the advantage of listening to their discourse, by which he found that they had not before heard of the capture of the Vigilant, and that the news of it, under the hand of her late commander, threw them into a visible perturbation. This event, with the erection of a battery on the high cliff at the light-house (under the direction of Lieutenant-colonel Gridley, by which the island battery was much annoyed), and the preparations which were evidently making for a general assault, determined Duchambon to surrender—and accordingly in a few days he capitulated.

Upon entering the fortress and viewing its strength, and the plenty and the variety of its means of defence, the stoutest hearts were appalled, and the impracticability of carrying it by assault was fully demonstrated.

No sooner was the city taken, and the army under shelter, than the weather (which, during the siege, excepting eight or nine days after the first landing, had been remarkably dry for that climate) changed for the worse, and an incessant rain of ten days succeeded. Had this happened before the surrender, the troops who had then begun to be

si kly, and had none but very thin tents, must have perished in great numbers. Reinforcements of men, stores, and provisions arrived, and it was determined in a council of war to maintain the place and repair the breaches. A total demolition might have been more advantageous to the nation; but in that case individuals would not have enjoyed the profit of drawing bills on the navy and ordnance establishments. The French flag was kept flying on the ramparts, and several rich prizes were decoyed into the harbour. The army supposed that they had a right to a share of these prizes; but means were found to suppress or evade their claim; nor did any of the colony cruisers except one), though they were retained in the service under the direction of the commodore, reap any benefit from the captures.

The news of this important victory filled America with joy, and Europe with astonishment. The enterprising spirit of New-England gave a serious alarm to those jealous fears which had long predicted the independence of the colonies. Great pains were taken in England to ascribe all the glory to the navy, and lessen the merit of the army. However, Pepperell received the title of a baronet, as well as Warren; the latter was promoted to be an admiral, the former had a commission as colonel in the British establisment, and was empowered to raise a regiment in America, to be in the pay of the crown. The same emolument was given to Shirley, and both he and Wentworth acquired so much reputation as to be confirmed in their places. Vaughan went to England to seek a reward for his services, and there died of the small pox. Solicitations were set on foot for a parliamentary reimbursement, which, after much difficulty and delay, was obtained; and the colonies who had expended their substance were in credit at the British trea-

sury.—The justice and policy of this measure must appear to every one who considers that (excepting the suppression of a rebellion within the bowels of the kingdom) this conquest was the only action which could be called a victory, on the part of the British nation, during the whole French war, and afforded them the means of purchasing a peace.

HISTORY OF THE LONDON BREWERY,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF KING WILLIAM'S REIGN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY ALEXANDER MORRICE.

IN the beginning of King William's reign the duty on strong beer or ale was 1*s.* and 3*d.* per barrel: the brewer then sold his brown ale at 16*s.* per barrel, and the small beer (which was made from the same grains) at 6*s.* per barrel. These were mostly fetched from the brew-house by the customers themselves, and paid for with ready money; so that the brewer kept but few servants, fewer horses, had no stock of beers or ales by him, no purchasing of leases of public houses, no bad debts, and but a trifling number of casks, and his money consequently returned before he either paid his duty, or for his malt. The victualler then sold this ale for two pence per quart. Soon after, our wars with France occasioned further duties on this commodity. I think that in 1689 9*d.* per barrel more was laid upon strong beer, and 3*d.* per barrel on small beer. In 1690, the duty was advanced 2*s.* and 3*d.* per barrel on strong beer, and 5*d.* per barrel upon small; and in 1692, an additional duty of 9*d.* per barrel was laid upon strong beer

only. At this period the brewer raised his price from 16*s.* to 18*s.* and 19*s.* per barrell; and the victualler raised his price to 2½*d.* per quart. Now we come to the queen's time, when, France disturbing us again, the malt-tax, the duty on hops, and that on coals, took place; and, as the duty on malt surpassed that on hops, the brewers endeavoured at a liquor wherein more of the latter should be used: thus the drinking of beer became encouraged in preference to ale. This beer, when new, they sold for 22*s.* per barrel; and, at the same time advanced their ale to 19*s.* and 20*s.* per barrel; but the people, not easily weaned from their heavy sweet drink, in general drank ale mixed with beer from the victualler at 2½*d.* to 2¾*d.* per quart. The gentry now residing in London more than they had done in former times, introduced the pale ale and pale small beer, which they were habituated to in the country, and either engaged some of their friends, or the London brewers, to make for them this kind of drink; and affluence and cleanliness promoted the delivery of them in the brewer's own casks, and at his charge. Pale malt being dearest, the brewer being loaded with more tax and expence, fixed the price of such small beer at 8*s.* and 10*s.* per barrel: the latter was sold by the victualler at 4*d.* per quart, and under the name of two-penny. This little opposition excited the brown beer trade to produce, if possible, a better sort of commodity, in their way, than heretofore had been made. They began to hop their mild beers more, and the publican started three, four, or six butts at a time; but so little idea had the brewer, or his customer, of being at the charge of large stocks of beer, that it gave room to a set of monied people to make a trade, by buying these beers from brewers, keeping them some time, and selling them, when stale, to victuallers, for 25*s.* or 26*s.* per barrel.

Our tastes but slowly alter or reform. Some drank mild and stale beer; others, what was then called 3-threads, at 3*d.* per quart; but many used all stale, at 4*d.* per quart. On this footing stood the trade until about the year 1722, when the brewers conceived that there was a mean to be found preferable to any of these extremes—which was, that beer should be well brewed, and, from being kept its proper time, becoming mellow (*i.e.* neither new nor stale) it would recommend itself to the public. This they ventured to sell at 23*s.* per barrel, that the victualler might retail it at 3*d.* per quart. Though it was slow at first in making its way, yet as it was certainly right in the end, the experiment succeeded beyond expectation. The labouring people, porters, &c. found its utility—from whence came its appellation of porter, or entire butt. As yet, however, it was far from being in the perfection which we have since had it.

Porter was at different times raised to 30*s.* per barrel, where it remained till the year 1799, and was retailed at 3½*d.* per quart, when, in consequence of malt rising in price to, from 4*l.* to 4*l.* 10*s.* and 5*l.* per quarter, and hops from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 17*l.* 18*l.* and 20*l.* per cwt. porter was raised to 1*l.* 15*s.* per barrel, and retailed at 4*d.* per quart. Ale likewise experienced a rise of from 2*l.* 2*s.* to 2*l.* 12. 6*d.* per barrel.

REMARKS ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

From Swift's Works, just published.

(The original Characters * are printed in Roman, Swift's Remarks † in Italics.)

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A TALL handsome man for his age, with a very obliging address, of a wonderful presence of mind, so as hardly ever to be discomposed;

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* These characters, drawn up in the name of John Macky, (but written by Mr. Davis, an officer in the customs) were annexed to Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, Esq. during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George I. printed in 1739, from a MS. said to be attested by his son, Spring Macky, Esq.

† Dr. Swift's notes are transcribed from a copy formerly belonging to John Putland, Esq. a near relation to the dean, who took them from Swift's own handwriting. This volume afterward came into the possession of Philip Carteret Webb, Esq. and is now the property of Thomas Astle, Esq. a gentleman to whom the public are indebted for some very accurate and curious publications, and whose valuable collections are rendered infinitely more so by that obliging readiness with which he communicates them at all times, when they are likely to promote the success of any literary undertaking.

of a very clear head, and sound judgment; very bold, never daunted for want of success; every way capable of being a great man, if the great success of his arms, and the heaps of favours thrown upon him by his sovereign, do not raise his thoughts above the rest of the nobility, and consequently draw upon him the envy of the people of England. He is turned of 50 years of age. *Detestably covetous.*

DUKE OF ORMOND.

WITH all the qualities of a great man, except that of a statesman, hating business. He is about 40 years of age. *Fairly enough writ.*

DUKE OF SHREWSBURY.

NEVER was a greater mixture of honour, virtue *(none)*, and good sense in any one person, than in him: a great man, attended with a sweetness of behaviour, and easiness of conversation, which charms all who come near him: nothing of the stiffness of a statesman, yet the capacity and knowledge of a piercing wit. He speaks French and Italian as well as his native language: and although but one eye, yet he has a most charming countenance, and is the most generally beloved by the ladies of any gentleman in his time. He is turned of 40 years old.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

IS of a middle stature, well shaped, a very black complexion, a lover of music and poetry; of good judgment *(not a grain, hardly common sense)*; but, by reason of a great hesitation in his speech, wants expression. He is about 42 years old.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

HAS been the finest and handsomest gentleman

of his time; loves the ladies, and plays; keeps a noble house and equipage; is tall, well made, and of a princely behaviour. Of nice honour in every thing, but the paying his tradesmen. Past 60 years old. *A very poor understanding.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

He is a nobleman of learning, and good natural parts, but of no principles. Violent for the high church—yet seldom goes to it. Very proud, insolent, and covetous, and takes all advantages. *This character is the truest of any.*

EARL OF NOTTINGHAM.

He has the exterior air of business, and application enough to make him very capable. In his habit and manners very formal; a tall, thin, very black man, lik a Spaniard, or Jew; about 50 years old. *He fell in with the whigs—was an endless talker.*

EARL OF ROMNEY.

He was the great wheel on which the revolution rolled. *He had not a wheel to turn a mouse.* Of great honour and honesty, with a moderate capacity. *None at all.*

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

He has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe *Now Countess of Oxford; cheated by her father.*

DUKE OF RICHMOND.

He is a gentleman good natured to a fault; very well bred, and has many valuable things in him; is an enemy to business, very credulous, well shaped, black complexion, much like King Charles; not 30 years old. *A shallow coxcomb.*

DUKE OF BOLTON.

DOES not make any figure at court. *Nor any where else. A great booby.*

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HE is a man of honor, nice in paying his debts; and, living well with his neighbours in the country, does not much care for the conversation of men of quality or business. Is a tall black man, like his father the king; about 40 years old. *He was a most worthy person, very good natured, and had very good sense.*

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

GRANDSON to King Charles II. a very pretty gentleman; has been abroad in the world; zealous for the constitution of his country. A tall black man, about 25 years old. *Almost a slobberer, without one good quality.*

SIR NATHAN WRIGHTE,
Lord Keeper.

Is son of a clergyman *; a good common lawyer, a slow chancellor, and no civilian. Chance more than choice brought him the seals. *Very covetous.*

JOHN *(Ralph)* DUKE OF MONTAGU.

SINCE the queen's accession to the throne he has been created a duke, and is near 60 years old. *As arrant a knave as any in his time.*

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

ONE of the best beloved gentlemen, by the

* His father was rector of Thurcaston, in Leicestershire.

country party, in England. *A very poor understanding.*

LORD SOMERS.

OF a creditable family in the city of Worcester. *Very mean: his father was a noted rogue.* He is believed to have been the best chancellor that ever sat in the chair. *I allow him to have possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue; he had violent passions, and hardly subdued them by his great prudence.*

LORD HALIFAX.

HE is a great encourager of learning and learned men, is the patron of the muses, of very agreeable conversation, a short fair man, not 40 years old. *His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to tas.e what was said by another.*

EARL OF DORSET

ONE of the finest gentlemen in England in the reign of King Charles II. of great learning, *(small, or none,)* extremely witty, and has been the author of some of the finest poems in the English language, especially satire. The Mæcenas and prince of our English poets. One of the pleasantest companions in the world, when he likes his company *(not of late years, but a very dull one).* He is very fat, troubled with the spleen, and turned of 50 years old.

EARL RIVERS.

HE was one of the greatest rakes in England in his younger days; but always a lover of the constitution of his country; is a gentleman of very good sense, and very cunning; brave in his person, a lover of play, and understands it perfectly well; has a very good estate, and improves it every day; something covetous; is a tall handsome man, and

of a very fair complexion. He is turned of 40 years old. *An errant knave in common dealings, and very prostitute.*

EARL OF PORTLAND.

He is supposed to be the richest subject in Europe, very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal in every thing thing else, of a very lofty mien, and yet not proud; of no deep understanding, considering his experience, neither much beloved nor hated by any sort of people, English or Dutch. He is turned of 50 years old. *As great a dunce as ever I knew.*

EARL OF DERBY.

On his brother's death he came to the House of Peers, where he never will make any great figure, the sword being more his profession; he is a fair complexioned man, well shaped, taller than the ordinary size, and a man of honor. He is turned of 40 years old. *As arrant a ******** as his brother.*

EARL OF PETERBOROW.

He affects popularity; and loves to preach in coffehouses and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; has a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor. A well shaped thin man, with a very brisk look, near 50 years old. *This character is for the most part true.*

(To be continued in our next.)

THE NATURE OF THUNDER DESCRIBED.

FROM EULER'S LETTERS.

LET a bar of metal, say of iron, be placed on a piliar of glass, or any other substance whose pores are close, that when the bar acquires electricity it may not escape or communicate itself to the body which supports the bar; as soon as a thunder-storm arises, and the clouds which contain the thunder come directly over the bar, you perceive in it a very strong electricity, generally far surpassing that which art produces; if you apply the hand to it, or any other body with open pores, you see bursting from it not only a spark, but a very bright flash, with a noise similar to thunder; the man who applies his hand to it receives a shock so violent that he is stunned. This surpasses curiosity, and there is good reason why we should be on our guard, and not approach the bar during a storm.

A professor at Petersburg, named Richmann, has furnished a melancholy example. Having perceived a resemblance so striking between the phenomena of thunder and those of electricity, this unfortunate naturalist, the more clearly to ascertain it by experiment, raised a bar of iron on the roof of his house, cased below in a tube of glass, and supported by a mass of pitch. To the bar he attached a wire, which he conducted into his chamber, that as soon as the bar should become electric, the electricity might have a free communication with the wire, and so enable him to prove the effects in his apartment. And it may be proper to inform you, that this wire was conducted in such a manner as no where to be in contact but with bodies whose pores

are close, such as glass, pitch, or silk, to prevent the escape of electricity.

Having made this arrangement, he expected a thunder-storm, which, unhappily for him, soon came. The thunder was heard at a distance; Mr. Richmann was all attention to his wire, to see if he could perceive any mark of electricity. As the storm approached, he judged it prudent to employ some precaution, and not to keep too near the wire; but happening carelessly to advance his chest a little, he received a terrible stroke, accompanied with a loud clap, which stretched him lifeless on the floor.

About the same time, the late Dr. Lieberkuhn and Dr. Ludolf were about making similar experiments in this city, and in that view had fixed bars of iron on their houses; but being informed of the disaster which had befallen Mr. Richmann, they had the bars of iron immediately removed—and, in my opinion, they acted wisely.

From this you will readily judge that the air or atmosphere must become very electric during a thunder-storm, or that the ether contained in it must then be carried to a very high degree of compression. This ether, with which the air is surcharged, will pass into the bar, because of its open pores, and it will become electric, as it would have been in the common method, but in a much higher degree.

Thunder then is nothing else but the effect of the electricity with which the clouds are endowed; and as an electrified body, applied to another in its natural state, emits a spark with some noise, and discharges into it the superfluous ether, with prodigious impetuosity. The same thing takes place in a cloud that is electric, or sucharged with ether, but with a force incomparably greater, because of the terrible mass that is electrified, and in which,

according to every appearance, the ether is reduced to a much higher degree of compression than we are capable of carrying it by our machinery.

When, therefore, such a cloud approaches bodies prepared for the admission of its ether, this discharge must be made with incredible violence: instead of a simple spark, the air will be penetrated with a prodigious flash, which, exciting a commotion in the ether contained in the whole adjoining region of the atmosphere, produces a most brilliant light, and in this lightning consists.

The air is at the same time put into a very violent motion of vibration, from which results the noise of thunder. This noise must, no doubt, be excited at the same instant with the lightning; but you know that sound always requires a certain quantity of time, in order to its transmission to any distance, and that its progress is only at the rate of about a thousand feet in a second; whereas light travels with a velocity inconceivably greater. Hence we always hear the thunder later than we see the lightning: and from the number of seconds intervening between the flash and the report, we are enabled to determine the distance of the place where it is generated, allowing a thousand feet to a second.

The body itself, into which the electricity of the cloud is discharged, receives from it a most dreadful stroke: sometimes it is shivered to pieces; sometimes set on fire and consumed, if combustible; sometimes melted, if it be of metal—and in such cases we say it is thunderstruck, the effects of which, however surprising and extraordinary they may appear, are in perfect consistency with the well-known phænomena of electricity.

A sword, it is known, has sometimes been by thunder melted in the scabbard, while the last sustained no injury; this is to be accounted for, from

the openness of the pores of the metal, which the ether very easily penetrates, and exercises over it all its powers, whereas the substance of the scabbard is more closely allied to the nature of bodies with close pores, which permit not to the ether so free a transmission.

It has likewise been found, that of several persons on whom the thunder has fallen, some only have been struck by it, and that those who were in the middle suffered no injury. The cause of this phænomenon likewise is manifest. In a group exposed to a thunder-storm, they are in the greatest danger who stand in the nearest vicinity to the air that is surcharged with ether; as soon as the ether is discharged upon one, all the adjoining air is brought back to its natural state, and consequently those who were nearest to the unfortunate victim feel no effect, while others, at a greater distance, where the air is still sufficiently surcharged with ether, are struck with the same thunder-clap.

In a word—all the strange circumstances, so frequently related, of the effects of thunder, contain nothing which may not be easily reconciled with the nature of electricity.

Some philosopers have maintained, that thunder did not come from the clouds, but from the earth, or bodies. However extravagant this sentiment may appear, it is not so absurd, as it is difficult to distinguish, in the phænomena of electricity, whether the spark issues from the body which is electrified, or from that which is not so, as it equally fills the space between the two bodies; and if the electricity is negative, the ether and the spark are in effect emitted from the natural or non-electrified body. But we are sufficiently assured that in thunder the clouds have a positive electricity, and that the lightning is emitted from the clouds.

You will be justifiable, however, in asking, if by every stroke of thunder some terrestrial body is affected? We see, in fact, that it very rarely strikes buildings, or the human body; but we know, at the same time, that trees are frequently affected by it, and that many thunder-strokes are discharged into the earth and into water. I believe, however, it might be maintained, that a great many do not descend so low, and that the electricity of the clouds is very frequently discharged into the air or atmosphere.

The small opening of the pores of the air no longer opposes any obstruction to it, when vapours or rain have rendered it sufficiently humid, for then we know the pores are open.

It may very possibly happen in this case that the superfluous ether of the clouds should be discharged simply into the air; and when this takes place, the strokes are neither so violent, nor accompanied with so great a noise, as when the thunder bursts on the earth, when a much greater extent of atmosphere is put in agitation.

The Possibility of preventing and of averting the Effects of Thunder.

It has been asked, whether it might not be possible to prevent, or to avert the fatal effects of thunder? You are well aware of the importance of the question, and under what obligation I should lay a number of worthy people, were I able to indicate an infallible method of finding protection against thunder.

The knowledge of the nature and effects of electricity, permits me not to doubt that the thing is possible. I corresponded some time ago with a Moravian priest, named Procopius Divisch, who assured me that he had averted, during a whole sum-

mer, every thunder-storm which threatened his own habitation and the neighbourhood, by means of a machine constructed on the principles of electricity. Several persons, since arrived from that country, have assured me that the fact is undoubted, and confirmed by irresistible proof.

But there are many respectable characters who, on the supposition that the thing is impracticable, would have their scruples respecting the lawfulness of employing such a preservative. The ancient pagans, no doubt, would have considered him as impious who should have presumed to interfere with Jupiter in the direction of his thunder. Christians, who are assured that thunder is the work of God, and that Divine Providence frequently employs it to punish the wickedness of men, might with equal reason alledge that was impiety to attempt to oppose the course of sovereign justice.

Without involving myself in this delicate discussion, I remark that conflagrations, deluges, and many other general calamities, are likewise the means employed by Providence to punish the sins of men; but no one surely ever will pretend that it is unlawful to prevent or resist the progress of a fire or an inundation. Hence I infer that it is perferfectly lawful to use the means of prevention against the effects of thunder, if they are attainable.

The melancholy accident which befel Mr. Richmann at Petersburg, demonstrates that the thunder-stroke which this gentleman unhappily attracted to himself, would undoubtedly have fallen somewhere else, and that such place thereby escaped; it can therefore no longer remain a question whether it be possible to conduct thunder to one place in preference to another—and this seems to bring us near our mark.

It would, no doubt, be a matter of still greater importance to have it in our power to divest the clouds of their electric force, without being under the necessity of exposing any one place to the ravages of thunder; we should, in that case, altogether prevent these dreadful effects which terrify so great a part of mankind.

This appears by no means impossible; and the Moravian priest, whom I mentioned above, unquestionably effected it; for I have been assured that this machinery sensibly attracted the clouds, and constrained them to descend quietly in a distillation, without any but a very distant thunder-clap.

The experiment of a bar of iron, in a very elevated situation, which becomes electric on the approach of a thunder-storm, may lead us to the construction of a similar machine, as it is certain that in proportion as the bar discharges its electricity, the clouds must lose precisely the same quantity: but it must be contrived in such a manner that the bars may immediately discharge the ether which they have attracted.

It would be necessary, for this purpose, to procure for them a free communication with a pool, or with the bowels of the earth, which, by means of their open pores, may easily receive a much greater quantity of ether, and disperse it over the whole immense extent of the earth, so that the compression of the ether may not become sensible in any particular spot. This communication is very easy by means of chains of iron, or any other metal, which will with great rapidity carry off the ether with which the bars are surcharged.

I would advise the fixing of strong bars of iron in very elevated situations, and several of them together, their higher extremity to terminate in a point, as this figure is very much adapted to the

attraction of electricity. I would afterwards attach long chains of iron to these bars, which I would conduct under ground into a pool, lake, or river, there to discharge the electricity; and I have no doubt that, after making repeated essays, the means may be certainly discovered of rendering such machinery more commodious, and more certain in its effect.

It is abundantly evident that on the approach of a thunder-storm, the ether with which the clouds are surcharged would be transmitted in great abundance into these bars, which would thereby become very electric, unless the chains furnished to the ether a free passage to spend itself in the water and in the bowels of the earth.

The ether of the clouds would continue therefore to enter quietly into the bars, and would by its agitation produce a light, which might be visible on the pointed extremities.

Such light is, accordingly, often observed during a storm on the summit of spires—an infallible proof that the ether of the cloud is there quietly discharging itself; and every one considers this as a very good sign of the harmless absorption of many thunder-strokes.

Lights are frequently observed at sea on the tops of the masts of ships, known to sailors by the name of Castor and Pollux; and when such signs are visible, they consider themselves as safe from the stroke of thunder.

Most philosophers have ranked these phænomena among vulgar superstitions; but we are now fully assured that such sentiments are not without foundation—indeed they are infinitely better founded than many of our philosophic reveries.

THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

ON Tuesday morning, the 2nd instant, at eleven o'clock, died, at his seat at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire, in the 37th year of his age, Francis Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Tavistock, Earl of Bedford, Baron Russell, of Cheneys, Thornhaugh, Howland, and of Streatham. His grace was born August 11, 1765, of Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, and sister of the late Admiral Viscount Keppel.—His father, the Marquis of Tavistock, dying in 1767, in consequence of a fall from his horse, and leaving three sons, he, as eldest, on the death of his grandfather in 1771, succeeded to the princely honors and fortunes of his family. His grace, till about a fortnight since, had enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health, when on a sudden he became so violently affected with a disorder, termed by the faculty a *strangulated hernia*, that it was found expedient to call in the surgical assistance of Sir James Earle, who, after a consultation with others of the profession, performed a skilful operation upon his grace, on Saturday the 27th of Feb. but, unfortunately, without the hoped-for success;—other professional aid was then called in, but in vain—for his grace languished in great agony, till a mortification took place on Sunday evening, and the second day afterwards he expired, after having made some important arrangements, with the greatest fortitude and presence of mind.—His grace dying unmarried, and without issue, is succeeded in titles and estates by his next brother, Lord John Russel, a representative in the present parliament for the borough of Tavistock, who was born July 6, 1766, and in 1786 married Georgiana Elizabeth Byng, second daughter of Lord Viscount Torring-

ton, formerly British ambassador to the court of Brussels; she died last year, leaving issue several sons and daughters.

The late Duke of Bedford was in such perfect health on Friday morning preceding his death, as to have played at tennis during the early part of it. He got very heated, and having put on a thin jacket to play in, it is supposed he caught cold, which occasioned a violent sneezing and coughing, and the falling of the rupture. There is not the least reason to doubt, but that had his grace had such assistance at hand as he chose to rely upon, his life would not even have been in danger, since nothing is more common than the disease alluded to: but having waited for Sir James Earle's arrival, the *viscera* had begun to gangrene before it could be driven back into its proper place; and the operation seemed to be performed only with the hope of prolonging life a few hours.

The duke continued sensible to the last moment, and was perfectly composed and resigned to his fate. When Dr. Hallifax and Sir James Earle informed him of the necessity of a speedy operation, he said, "Very well; but I must previously have two hours for some necessary arrangements of my papers, &c." Retiring for this purpose into his study, he wrote nearly the whole of that time, and afterwards sealed up two large packets, and addressed them to his brothers, Lord John and Lord William Russel. His grace then came back to the gentlemen of the faculty, and said, "Now, Sirs, I am at your service; but probably it may be proper that I should be bound, to which I shall also cheerfully submit." Sir James Earle said, he relied upon the fortitude of his grace's mind, and therefore thought it not necessary. The operation was then proceeded upon on a couch, and took a much longer time, and consequently inflicted more acute

sensations to the patient than were at first looked for; however, they were borne without a struggle, only two deep groans being uttered by his grace during the whole course of this painful process.

His solicitor, Mr. Gotobed, went down on Monday; and the equanimity and fortitude of his grace left him in full possession of himself, to make what arrangements of his property he deemed proper. A short time before his death he saw his brothers, Lord John and Lord William; he likewise saw Lord Holland—of all of them he took the most affectionate leave. The scene was solemn and impressive.

From the very first moment of his being obliged to call in medical assistance, his recovery was extremely doubtful. Nothing could exceed the skill of the operator in this delicate business, and there was reason to believe that the operation would have effected a complete cure, provided the mortification could be stopped. Unhappily, neither the power of medicine, nor art of the faculty, could retard its dire progress—and thus, after an illness of four days, his grace died in the prime of youth, to the very great grief of his own family and connections, as well as to the regret of hundreds who were fed by his bounty and encouragement.

At the close of life the duke desired to be left by all present, except Dr. Halifax, and fell into an apparent doze for near an hour—when, erecting up his head suddenly, he said, "Doctor, I have something of importance to communicate to John (meaning Lord John), send for him instantly." His lordship immediately attending, his grace gave him the information he wished, but added, that his solicitor, Mr. Gotobed, had better reduce it to writing, for fear of any mistake—which was begun accordingly, but before it could be completed, his grace

reclined his head across the arm of Lord John, and calmly expired.

Lord Lauderdale, who was his grace's most intimate friend, had gone down on Monday to take his farewell, but when he arrived there, the duke wished to decline seeing him, anticipating the sorrows which both must experience. His lordship accordingly returned to Bedford-house.

The Duke of Bedford's favourite pursuit was agriculture, and the encouragement of those useful arts that may be justly called the basement pillars of every well regulated state; his princely fortune enabled him to carry these pursuits to an extent that gradually evinced the incalculable powers of art, when called forth in aid of nature.

The Duke of Bedford's will was on Friday proved in Doctor's Commons; it is very short—the following is a copy of it:

"I, Francis, Duke of Bedford, do give unto my brother, John Russell, all my personal property.

Dated this 27th of February,
1802. "*BEDFORD.*"

The will was witnessed by Lord Preston, Dr. Kerr, of Northampton, and Mr. Parker, the surgeon. It was written in the duke's own hand, on half a sheet of common paper, resembling the cover of a letter—the writing is not so steady as usual. His grace appears first to have signed the will without witnesses, as his first signature is scratched out with a pen, and the name signed again below. By the date it appears that his grace believed himself in danger on Saturday. Besides his will, he has left a very long paper, sealed up, of instructions to his successor, which was ordered not to be opened till after the will was proved. This circumstance hastened the proof of the will; his friends were anxious to know what the will contained. A sur-

rogate from Doctor's Commons went to Woburn to swear his grace respecting this paper. The duke is supposed to have made in it various legacies and dispositions of his property, as he had not time so to do in a detailed will, which requires certain legal forms. His brother John is, of course, sole heir to all his effects, real and personal, and on his honor alone depends the fulfilment of his grace's wishes. The duke well knew the honor of his brother, and that he could safely confide to him this important trust. No executor being named in the will, John was obliged to send up with it to Doctor's Commons a bond for due administration. His sureties, in 100,000*l.* each, are Lords Preston and Villiers.—We have already noticed that the late duke's first signature to his will is erased; the same is the case with regard to the signature of the present duke to the instrument above-mentioned, "*John Russell.*" This signature is also erased, and above it is signed "*Bedford.*" John thought too much of the loss of his brother to recollect his new title.—The late duke's disorder was first brought on by a blow from a cricket ball while a boy in Westminster school.

The mourning for the Duke of Bedford, it is thought, will extend more generally through the principal families of distinction than has been remembered on any similar occasion for a century past; it will include, as relations, the Marlborough, Albemarle, Spencer, Torrington, Jersey, Keppel, Adair, and Byng families, besides those of private friends, which will greatly augment the mournful list.

The complaint which occasioned the much-lamented death of the Duke of Bedford, is unusually frequent in England, insomuch that almost every twentieth man is afflicted with it, and consists in the protrusion of part of the intestines

through the ring of the belly into the groin, whence they descend still lower. Sudden exertion, such as severe coughing, lifting great weights, &c. are apt to occasion a sudden protrusion of a greater quantity of the intestine than does in the common state of the disease fall down. This additional bulk, if too great to be retained, becomes filled with wind and fœces, and the ring of the belly contracts round it, and it becomes, in the medical phrase, *strangulated*. Various, but too ineffectual, are the means used to replace it; and if they do not quickly succeed, recourse must be had to the knife, or mortification will soon be the consequence. The operation is one of the nicest in the whole art of surgery, but, like other capital ones, it is tedious and painful. As much depends upon its being timely performed, it must (independent of the danger arising from exposing a natural close cavity to the external air) be a precarious remedy.

It is remarkable that there has been no regular succession in the illustrious family of Bedford: the earls and dukes have all been brothers, cousins, or grandsons of their immediate predecessors.

THE FUNERAL.

The afflicting ceremony of the funeral of this illustrious personage and truly great man took place on Thursday the 14th of March; it was conducted without ostentation, agreeably to his own request: there required no splendor or pomp of preparation to interest the feelings of his country on the mournful event—all hearts sympathised in the common loss which the death of such a man brings upon society.

The present duke being extremely indisposed, he was advised to quit Woburn, that the appearance of the preparations for the funeral might not increase his illness; accordingly he left the Abbey

on Wednesday morning, in company with his brother, Lord William Russell, for Streatham. Lord Preston remained to give directions respecting the funeral, &c.

Every thing being properly arranged, the procession left the Abbey about ten o'clock on Wednesday night. The coffin is covered with the best crimson velvet, and contains three thousand silver nails. The hearse was drawn by six horses; it was followed by three mourning coaches: in the first were Mr. Gotobed, the auditor and solicitor, Mr. Farey, the resident agent for the Woburn estate, and Mr. Brown, a solicitor; in the second were the Rev. Mr. Parry, the clergyman of Woburn, Mr. Salmon, the resident surveyor, and Mr. Shaw of Woburn; and in the third were the three principal servants of the household, one of which was the kitchen gardener, who has been fifty-five years employed by the family in that capacity. They were followed by his grace's carriage, empty, drawn by six bay horses, and six footmen behind it. The procession passed through Hockliffe, Dunstable, Market-street, and Redburn, in the most solemn manner. The inhabitants in the places thro' which the procession passed, were in the roads with lights, and the greatest order prevailed. At Rickmansworth they were joined by a great number of persons who had come from Woburn and other parts of Bedfordshire. A procession was then formed from thence to Cheynies: twenty-eight horsemen, Colonel Moore, and a number of gentlemen on foot, two and two. They were followed by the hearse and carriages, and the whole was closed by about thirty of the principal tenants and servants, and about sixty farmers, tenants, who live on the estate at Cheynies. The procession arrived at the church about one o'clock, and at that time we suppose at least 5000 persons were assem-

bled in the village. After the coffin was taken out of the hearse and placed in the vault, the evening service was read by the curate of the parish, and a most excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Morris, tutor of his grace, from the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, the 5th chapter and 1st verse—

"*For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God—an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.*"

He paid a warm tribute to the splendor and usefulness of the duke's character, and observed truly, that his successor inherited his virtues as well as his titles and estates.

A funeral anthem was sung and performed by a very respectable band of vocal and instrumental performers. The funeral service was likewise read by Mr. Morris in the family vault over the corpse. The following inscription is on the coffin:

THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS, DUKE OF BEDFORD,
Born the twenty-third Day of July, 1765,
And died the second Day of March, 1802.

This makes fifty-one of the family whose remains have been deposited there; two of them are embalmed, and stand upright in leaden coffins. This vault has been the burying-place to the family for upwards of 300 years, and an old mansion-house (one of the oldest in the family) adjoins the churchyard; part of it has been pulled down, and what remains now is a farm-house.

Just as the coffin was going into the church, a most unbecoming scene of confusion took place, which is too common on those occasions, by the populace stealing the escutcheons from the hearse.

A man was knocked down and trampled on by a horse, and his leg torn and bruised in a most shocking mannner.

On the mourners endeavouring to follow the corpse, some of them were literally carried into the church, and others could not gain admittance, the crowd being so extremely great. The confusion was occasioned by a number of a notorious gang of pickpockets from London, who went down in post-chaises. Several persons were robbed of considerable sums of money at the time the corpse was going into the church. These villains made a crowd of themselves.

The windows of the church were broken by the populace, who endeavoured to force into the church that way.

In London the most marked testimonies of respect were paid to his memory. The theatre of Drury-lane (of which he was the landlord) was shut, as were many of the shops on his extensive estates. Never did any character receive so many and such various tokens of sincere veneration and regret as the late Duke of Bedford. It is honorable to the character of the country, that all ranks and descriptions shewed themselves sensible to the grandeur of that nobleness of sentiment which made him devote his life to their service. May the glory of his life be an example to the British nobility!

Beauties of the Drama.

DISSIPATION AND FOLLY.

FROM THE COMEDY OF THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

SCENE II.

An apartment in SIR CHARLES CROPLAND'*s house*; SIR CHARLES CROPLAND *at breakfast—his valet de chambre adjusting his hair.*

Sir Charles.

HAS old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles—with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. (Yawning and stretching) What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this damned dull time of the year!

Valet. It is very pleasant, to day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of Spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful—it spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate, here, is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph!—When Mr. Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. This same lumbring timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes issued from

the bank of Nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.—So, Mr. Warner!

Enter WARNER.

Warner. Your honor is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on your estate some time, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. A very tedious time—three days, Mr. Warner.

Warner. Ah, good Sir! things would prosper better if you honored us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner, I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent—

Warner. The most beautiful part of the country—

Sir Cha. Curse beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent—

Warner. A land of milk and honey!—

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!—

Sir Cha. Damn your fat!—listen to me—My estate being in Kent—

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curse the wood—no, that's wrong, for it's convenient—I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner. Ah, I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost

at play, and then, good lack! the forest pays for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why the devil do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity —I shall take special care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to enquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*

The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.—In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately—'tis my peremptory order, Sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles, but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honor of old England, to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead!—But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physick and shooting may enliven me: and, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no

means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha! Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats very plenty; so were woodcocks. Flush'd four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsey. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles: shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles—I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden—like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now—Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well, very well indeed—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient—when, who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant-Grains, the

brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a favourable sort.

Olla. Ha, ha! That's very well, very well, indeed!—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. We first talked of shooting—He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds—I thumpt on at the mortar—We then talked of physic—I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients: I thumpt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while—for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure, and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so 'twas natural. He, he!—Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Take! Oh, nobody can miss!

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself: said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jumped at the offer?

Olla. Jump'd! I jumped over the counter—kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle—embraced him and his offer—and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—Oh, laurel water—he, he! Come, that's very well, very well, indeed—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake!

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over; I reached the martial ground, and jallopped—gallopped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great *eclât*; but when the word "Fire" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a hell of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the damned diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle, and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir Cha. But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

Olla. He, he! I should be sorry not to feel the pulse of a pretty woman, now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Any new faces since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item—nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, a most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of farmer Harrowby.

Sir Cha. Indeed! Is she come-at-able, Ollapod?

Olla. Oh, no! Full of honor as a corps of cavalry; though, plump as a partridge, and mild as emulsion. Miss Emily Worthington, I may venture to say,——

Sir Cha. Hey? who? Emily Worthington!

Olla. With her father——

Sir Cha. An old officer in the army?

Olla. The same.

Sir Cha. And a stiff maiden aunt?

Olla. Stiff as a ramrod.

Sir Cha. *(singing and dancing.)* Tol de rol lol!

Olla. Bless me! he is seized with St. Vitus's dance.

Sir Cha. 'Tis she, by Jupiter!—My dear Ollapod! *(embracing him.)*

Olla. Oh, my dear Sir Charles! *(returning the embrace.)*

Sir Cha. The very girl who has just slipt thro' my fingers in London.

Olla. Oho!

Sir Cha. You can serve me materially, Ollapod. I know your good nature, in a case like this, and——

Olla. State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Oh, common enough—Saw her in London by accident—wheedled the old maiden aunt—kept out of the father's way—followed Emily more than a month without success—and eight days ago she vanished—There's the outline.

Olla. I see no matrimonial symptoms in our case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath! do you think me mad?—But introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come, mount your horse—I'll explain more as you go to the stable:—but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I hear further.

Olla. In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage-waggon.

Sir Cha. *(aside.)* So! a long bill is the price of his politeness!

Olla. You need not bleed, but you must have medicine.

Sir Cha. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. He, he! Come, that's very well, very well, indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony, and gambouge;——

Sir Cha. Oh, damn your scammony and gambouge.

Olla. At night, a narcotic; next day, saline draughts, camphorated julep, and——

Sir Cha. Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish!—Then we'll throw in the bark—By the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer bitch—

Sir Cha. Well, well, she is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! such sport, next shooting season! If I had but a double barrelled gun—

Sir Cha. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles!—Here's a morning's work! Senna and coloquintida—*(aside.)*

Sir Cha. Well, be gone then. *(Pushing him.)*

Olla. I'm off—Scammony and gambouge—

Sir Cha. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, Sir Charles—A double barrelled gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno, the bitch—a narcotic——

Sir Cha. Oh, the devil! *(Pushing him off.)*

[*Exeunt.*

MEMOIRS OF REGNARD.

THE FRENCH POET.

THE life of this celebrated French comic poet appears to have been a life of real romance. He was born at Paris in 1647. His great passion throughout life was that of travelling. In returning from Italy to France by an English merchant ship, he was taken prisoner by an Algerine vessel, and carried with the rest of the crew to Algiers, where he was sold for a slave to one of the principal persons of that city. Regnard being a very good cook, was, in consequence of his knowledge in that very useful art, taken notice of by his master, and treated with great lenity. He was however detected in an intrigue * with one of the women of his master's seraglio, and was sentenced either to be impailed, or to turn Mahometan. The French consul at Algiers, who had just received a very considerable sum of money to purchase Regnard's liberty, made use of it to procure him both that and his life. Regnard, again a free man, returned to France; having however the *goût de la vie vagabonde* (as he calls it) he travelled into Flanders and Holland, and from thence to Denmark—the sovereign of which country advising him to visit Lapland, he and two other Frenchmen (whom he chanced to meet at Copenhagen) went together into Lapland as far as the extremity of the Gulph of Borneo, and extended their travels even to the Frozen Sea. Stopping here, as they could not possibly go any farther, Regnard had these lines engraved upon a stone on a mountain near that immense repository of ice:

* The principal circumstances of this intrigue Regnard has worked up into a novel called *La Provencale.*

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem
Hausimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem.
Casibus et variis acti terrâque marique
Sistimus hìc tandem quâ nobis defuit orbis.

In Gallia born, by scorching Afric view'd,
And bath'd in Ganges' consecrated flood,
We've seen whate'er of nature and of art,
To wond'ring eyes, all Europe can impart;
By fate's kind power enabled to withstand
The various perils of the sea and land.
Here then we stop, here fix our last retreat;
Where the world closes on our wandering feet.

No one seems to have felt more sensibly, or to have described more forcibly, the miseries of an idle and undesignated life than M. Regnard. In some port in which he was becalmed, he thus expresses his sensations on the subject:—"The whole time in which we were becalmed," says he, "was not entirely lost to me. Every day I went to the top of some high and pointed rock, from which the view of the sea, and of the precipices that surrounded it, corresponded perfectly well with my meditations. In these conversations with myself, I laid open my own self to myself. I endeavoured to discover, in the very inmost recesses of my heart, the sentiments that had been before concealed from me; and I saw them as they were in reality, and without disguise. I threw my eyes back upon the agitations of my past life, where I saw designs without execution, and enterprizes without success. I considered my present state of life, my continual change of place, my constant though useless travels, and the continual emotions with which I was harassed. I recognised myself but too well under every one of these situations, into which mere caprice, mere fickleness had directed me, without being able to allow even my vanity and self-love

to tell me any thing in my favour. I then began to make a just estimate of what I had been doing; I became but too sensible how contrary all that I had ever done was to the proper business of life—which consists in quiet and tranquillity; and that that happy state of mind is only to be found in some agreeable profession or business, which arrests the human mind in the same manner as an anchor stops a vessel in the midst of a storm.

"There is perhaps," adds M. Regnard, "nothing more difficult in human life than the choice of a profession. Hence it happens that there are so many persons who live without any profession, and who exist in a perpetual and disgraceful indolence, not spending their time in the way which they would wish to spend it, but as they have been accustomed to spend it, whether from their apprehension of difficulties, from their love of idleness, or their dislike to labour. The life of these miserable persons is a state of perpetual agitation; and if at an advanced period of life they seemed to be fixed to any thing, it is not the dislike to motion, but their inability to move, that is the cause of it. These persons are continually accusing fortune of having treated them ill: they are continually complaining of the badness of the times, and the wickedness of the age. They are continually flying from one place to another, and are never pleased with any. In winter they are too cold, in summer they are too hot. If they make a voyage by sea, they are soon tired of the inconveniencies of being on ship-board; if they travel by land, they are incommoded by dust, by bad horses, by bad inns. If they go to any place, they are soon tired of it, and go to some other place. Thus flying ever from themselves, they always carry with them their own inconstancy of mind, yet appear to forget that the cause of their wretchedness is within themselves,

and do not remember what Horace has long ago told them:

——Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

thus exquisitely translated by Mr. Hastings:—

What vagrant from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

One of the most striking pictures that was ever made of the wretchedness and misery of an idle and unappropriated life is to be met with in Lord Clarendon's Dialogue on the Want of Respect due to Old Age, where he gives the following melancholy account of one of his country neighbours:

"When I visited this gentleman in the morning, I always found him in his bed; and when I came in the afternoon, he was asleep, and to most men besides myself was denied, but was very willing to be called when I came, and always received me with cheerfulness. Once walking with him, I doubted he was melancholy, and by spending his time so much in his bed, and so much alone, that there was something which troubled him, otherwise that it could not be that a man upon whom God had poured down so many blessings, in the comfort of so excellent a wife, who had brought him so many hopeful children, and in the possession of so ample an estate, should appear in the course of his life, and in the spending of his time, to be so litttle contented as he appeared to be. To which, with a countenance a little more erect and cheerful, he answered, that he thought himself the most happy man alive in a wife, who was all the comfort he could have in this world: that he was at so much ease in his fortune, that he could not wish it greater. But he said he would deal freely with me, and tell me, if he were melancholy (which he suspected

himself of), what was the cause of it: that he had somewhat he knew not what to do with—his time he knew not how to spend, which was the reason he loved his bed so much, and slept at other times, which, he said, he found did already do him no good in his health. I told him that I had observed in his closet many books finely bound, which I presumed he might find good divertisement in reading. To which he replied, that they were all French romances, which he had read enough, and never found himself the better, for want of some learning, which was necessary to make those observations which might arise even from these books useful; and he confessed that he could not read any book for half an hour together without sleeping—All which, he said with a deep sigh, was to be imputed to the ill education he had had, which made him spend that time in which he ought to have laid up a stock of knowledge, which would have made his age delectable to him, in dancing and such other trifles, the skill and perfection wherein men grow weary of as soon as they are grown perfect men, and yet when it is too late to cultivate their minds with nobler studies, which they are unapt then to enter upon, because they see what progress much younger men have made in those studies before they begin, and so chuse rather to flatter themselves in their ignorance."—In the course of the narration, it appears that the father of this unhappy man had, from a foolish notion that his son might learn some vices at the English universities, sent him to one of the French academies, where, as himself told Lord Clarendon, "Trust me, neighbour," said he, "all that is learned in these academies is riding, fencing, and dancing, beside some wickednesses they do not profess to teach, and yet are too easily learnt, and with difficulty avoided, such as I hope our univer-

sities are not infected with. It is true," added he, "they have men there who teach arithmetic, which they call philosophy; and the art of fortification, which they call mathematics;—but what learning they have there I might easily imagine, when he assured me, that in three years which he spent in the academy, he never saw a Latin book, nor any master that taught any thing there, who would not have taken it very ill to have been suspected to speak or understand Latin. Oh, neighbour," continued he, "I do promise you that none of my children shall have that breeding, lest when they shall come to my age, they know not better how to spend their time than I do." Lord Clarendon adds, that "this unhappy gentleman's melancholy daily increased with the agony of his thoughts, till he contracted those diseases which carried him off at the age of thirty-six years."

For the Monthly Visitor.

MARRIAGE.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their *hearts*, their *fortunes*, and their *beings* blend!

SUCH is the beginning of a description of the marriage state as given by Thomson—the sweetest pastoral poet that Britain ever produced. Vivid as the colouring of the picture is, it is not too much to say, that it not only can, but ought to be realised. When two persons enter into this state with proper views, it is calculated beyond every other earthly possession to afford absolute felicity. But while we admit this, with gratitude to God for having instituted such a connection for our comfort in life, let it ever be remembered, that

whenever people enter into it *without* proper views, it, from its very nature, unavoidably renders them miserable. This being the case, and acknowledged by all, it is most surprising that marriages ever should be contracted merely for convenience, either in the increase of wealth, or for the promotion of honor—yet it appears from the reasoning of many people, that one grand end of matrimony is family alliance; and hence has sprung the dispute so often argued, whether or not *early* marriages are best. The foundation of every marriage ought to be mutual and ardent affection. Which period of life is the best for entering into this state, is, I think, a question not precisely to be determined, since different persons, from a difference in their natural constitutions, may be stricken with the dart of affection at very various periods. Those who inform us that a man when he comes of age ought to marry, or, on the contrary, ought to abstain from matrimony for some years, seem to say that at a certain period fixed by their judgments man ought to bring himself to like the marriage state. This might be a good rule to have adopted provided marriage was merely a civil or commercial contract: but when it is viewed in its true light as a religious institution, whose basis is to be mutual and ardent affection, any rules for stating the properest period for commencing the engagement are preposterous. By mutual and ardent affection, which I deem the basis of conjugal felicity, for, as our poet observes,

> There's nought but *love*
> Can answer *love*, and *render bliss secure*.

I do not mean a mere *first-sight* impulse. Many marriages are formed upon an *instantaneous* rising of affection; and as it is singular that two people should be equally and at the *same* moment smitten

with each other, it is wonderful that contracts formed so suddenly prove so happy as they do: it is true they do sometimes delude the parties—and when the first impulse of affection is over (which rendered every thing fair in the persons and qualities of each to the eyes of each), coldness and disgust take the place of affection. But these impulses, however they may deceive the parties, are more the effects of infuriated passions than of solid affection. The affection likely to be lasting, arises from the excitement of the tender sympathies of our nature, guided and matured by our reason. While, in our choice of a companion, love is an agent we employ in selecting the object, yet, in order that our choice may be wise, that our love may not be disappointed, but daily strengthened and confirmed, let reason examine how far the choice that love has made is qualified in disposition and attainments for the office of a companion for life; if reason approves our choice, we may rest assured that our union will be crowned with a lasting and increasing beatitude.

That there is no fixed period proper for entering into the matrimonial engagement, is, I think evident from the Apostolic writings, several parts of the lectures which the Apostles have given on this head being at apparent variance with other passages: in one place we are told that marriage is honorable to all; in another, we are almost tempted to abstain from it, from what we find written—but as we know that the institution is of divine original, it cannot be supposed that we are to slight it. It appears therefore clear that *that* is the proper period for entering into this state when a *steady unvarying affection* has provided an object.

But while we assert that *that* moment of life is the fit period for entering into the matrimonial en-

gagement, be it sooner or later, where an object is found worthy of our affection, and for whom we have a regard—yet for early marriage there appears the following weighty considerations. First—*It is calculated to settle young men, and to keep them from bad company.* Whatever our condition in life, whether we are in affluence from our birth, or from our commercial connections are rising to affluence from a lower state, or whether the humble cottage is our dwelling—nature is all the same. Our stature, our strength, our dispositions, our corporal and mental propensities, encrease surely and swiftly. Man is a compound being, possessed of a body and a soul; and while by the possession of the latter he is fit for the company of angels, by the former he is reduced to a level with the lowest brutes in creation: like them he has sensual appetites to gratify; these sensual appetites and desires are more or less strong, according to the more or less ardent constitution of different persons; but for *any* to restrain them, great attention must be constantly paid to the dictates of reason and Scripture—and as these two articles are too much disregarded by men, the sensual appetites become too often the ruling principles with mankind. Those minds who are delighted with natural or divine philosophy, with meditations on the works of Providence or grace, seem to raise their possessors far above terrestrial objects; but the persons who are thus blessed are very few compared with the general mass of men. The delights of most men consist not so much in the mental as the corporal pursuits; and the noisy hour of hilarity is to them more charming than the calm period of sublime contemplation: and as the hours of festive mirth are apt to inflame our sensual passions, the allaying of these becomes an object of the first importance. With a young man, in such

a situation, a connection with the other sex is almost unavoidable, and unless they can enjoy the soft embraces of a wife, they are too prone to fly to the ensnaring arms of the prostitute. But it is not merely in pointing out a chaste way in which to gratify our bestial desires that early marriage is useful, for not unfrequently the soft entreaties of close connection as a wife restrain men from other excesses; also late hours, scenes of debauchery, drunkenness, and rioting, have often been relinquished in consequence of the solicitations of a virtuous companion. The utility of early marriage here shines strongly—its being able to reclaim or secure from vice the young and vigorous.

It may be here further remarked, that those young persons who neglect marriage for any convenient reason, and gratify their lustful desires by any unlawful means, are guilty of the perpetration of ruining those with whom they form their connections. That class of females whose end is destruction, would be unknown were it not supported by the lewdness and dissipation of young men. Surely then it is not too much to say that those who despise an institution ordained by God himself, and indulge in illicit pleasures, have much blame attaching to their conduct, and have reason to dread that for such acts God will call them to judgment.

2ndly.—*By neglecting early marriage, we are guilty of delaying the enjoyment of the brightest earthly comfort man has it in his power to possess; and thus we show ourselves unworthy and insensible of the goodness of God in having ordained the institution.* The Almighty Parent of the universe has not only formed man to be lord of the creation, but with the greatest kindness given him things richly to enjoy. Among all the comforts of life for which we should be thankful, domestic bliss is

supereminently deserving of praise. But where are we to search for domestic bliss but in the conjugal state. When two persons, attached by similarity of disposition, and rivetted by the cords of love, live together, they have formed an union powerful enough on the one hand to sooth the most distressing scenes of life, and on the other to add felicity even to the happiest; they have within themselves a source of joy which no sorrow or calamity can ever dry—though storms should gather around them, and even burst upon their dwelling, they can retire jointly into the bosoms of each other, and experience a pure friendship, a mutual sympathy, an inward harmony, a boundless affection, which defy the power of the most overwhelming tempest. Man, the Creator himself pronounced, was not fit to live alone, a helpmate he formed for him; and as it is the very nature of benevolence to delight in seeing those whom it has endeavoured to make happy, enjoy the happiness prepared for them, it must be a pleasure to the Great Father of mankind, whose name and nature is Love, to behold his creatures enjoy those blessings he thinks right to confer upon them. To deny ourselves those pleasures which God has ordained for our use, is manifestly a want of sense of their value, and consequently a want of gratitude for their donation and bestowment—

For God is pleas'd when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

POPE.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. FOX'S

CHARACTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

THE following truly animated speech was deliverd in the House of Commons (March 16), on a motion for a new writ to be issued for a member to serve for the borough of Tavistock, in the room of Lord John Russell, now Duke of Bedford. Mr. Fox was so much affected by the original cause of the vacancy, the death of the late lamented duke, that it was a considerable time before he could speak. He expressed himself nearly in the following words:—

"Sir, The motion which I am about to make is naturally nothing more than a motion of course; and if the event which gave rise to it had been a calamity touching private persons only, I should not take this opportunity of indulging my private feelings, or displaying my private friendship for the individual; but the manner in which all the world seems impressed with this melancholy fact, and the strong impression which I myself have of it, not as a private loss, but as a public misfortune, will excuse me for saying a few words. I am perfectly aware that this is not the place to enter at large into the character of the Duke of Bedford, nor is this the time—but on a loss so great, it will surely be excuseable to say a few words even now, and in this place. The noble person to whom I allude, and who is as much lamented as any subject that was ever lost in this country, had something so striking in his character, something so marked, so exalted, so entirely out of the common line, that this public notice is not wanting to distinguish him, only in so much as it is useful to point out so great an example to the imitation of

others. I will not indulge my private feelings, nor that gratitude which I owe in so high a degree to this illustrious character; let it suffice for me to say, that as a loss more mourned was never seen in this country, so did this country never suffer a loss more to be lamented. He was still young enough to enjoy all the blessings of life, active enough to perform all its duties, and old enough to confirm the high opinion formed of him in the commencement of his public career. If such a calamity had befallen him in his earlier years, though his private relations might feel more affliction at seeing him cut short in all the promise of youth, yet the public would have some consolation in reflecting, that the promises of youth are not always fulfilled. But he lived long enough to make us sure, by the advantages we were continually deriving, that his good dispositions were beyond the power of change; and he died at a time of life when we might promise ourselves a long enjoyment of the benefit of his virtues. He was born in a situation encompassed with difficulties and dangers. He came into the possession of his rank and fortune while yet a child, under circumstances capable of corrupting the very best mind. In that situation, the most difficult of all others, with that rank and fortune, of which the poet says,

> Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ
> Fortunâ—

in that situation, and with that rank and fortune, he remained uncorrupted; for his character was such, that however princely his fortune, his virtues were more princely. Never was there a man who so much humbled himself, or so much exalted others. He looked to the public first, and his first study was the means of public improvement; but,

he looked not to the public only, he looked to individuals also, and extended his protection to all whom he knew to be worthy of it. His penetration was able to distinguish and appreciate the merit of all who came within his range. It is true, he died in a state of celibacy; but if these are justly called a man's children whose condition he is solicitous to improve, no man had a more numerous family, and that not merely of relations, tenants, and dependents, but of persons who had no connection with him but that for which they were indebted to his benevolence. I know it is unnecessary to speak of the constancy of his private friendships. The friendships of most men are subject to change and caprice—but there was a steadiness in his mind which was a security to you that if he loved you at the beginning of the year, and you gave him no cause to alter his opinion of you before the end, you retained his affection for ever. It has happened to many to grow wiser as they grow older, but it has generally happened that they have lost that warmth of heart which those who have entered deepest into the investigation of the human mind consider as an attribute peculiar to early youth. In him it was quite the reverse—no man took more pains, or bestowed more regular study on the profession by which he meant to live, than he did on the art of doing good; and as he advanced in years and in wisdom, he improved in generosity and warmth of feeling. His munificence was such, that notwithstanding the very ample fortune which he possessed, his friends might have room to apprehend that it would lay him under embarrassments, and if I had not loved him, if he had not behaved to me in a manner that can never be effaced from my memory, I myself might have thought it excessive. Public utility was the grand object of his life; even in his private amusements he attached

himself to the means of promoting public utility; he lived not to enjoy life, but to make it useful; and as no man ever pursued his object with more attention and perseverance, so no man was more successful in attaining it. The pursuit in which he embarked to the greatest extent was agriculture, and his motive for this was, that in these times it was the pursuit in which he could be of greatest use—for utility was in every thing his object. I come now to say a few words concerning his political conduct; and from the difference of political opinions I fear that much of that conduct which I deem worthy of praise may seem to others to stand in need of apology. By way of apology, therefore, I will offer a few words, and surely there are none of us so infatuated to our own tenets as not to think that a respect for one's ancestors, and the pride of a constant and uniform adherence to their principles, are not some justification of opinions which we may hold erroneous. If, as we have read in the History of Rome, a tincture of aristocracy was held pardonable in the Claudii, it was surely allowable in a Russell to shew an attachment to the more liberal party of the British constitution. Few men, I am sure, will differ with me in this—I mention it only for the purpose of giving some account of the reasons why a descendant of the great Earl of Bedford, the friend of Hampden and of Pym, should feel an ardor for liberty, and a jealousy in discerning every thing hostile to the constitution; and I am sure, that as every man of candor, even in principles most adverse, esteems what is meritorious in the conduct of his adversary, all who now hear me will allow the conduct of the Duke of Bedford to have been most firm, manly, and consistent. I now come to close what I have to say, and to state, for the satisfaction of those who love

perfection in human character, that his exit corresponded with his life. No selfish consideration possessed his mind, others engaged his attention, and he felt only for others. At a period when he was harrassed with extreme torture, and the apprehension of approaching death, in those moments, when it is a settled and permitted thing that all other objects should give way to self, to the sense of present pain, and a view to a future condition—in those moments he thought not of himself, but considered those arrangements which were likely to secure the happiness of those whom he left after him. In speaking of such a man, I am not actuated by the vain and idle desire of strewing flowers upon his tomb; I have an object more suitable to him, by fixing his memory in the breast of the public, to make his example as useful to posterity as his life has been to the present generation. With that view I have taken this unusual course—from that consideration I trust the House will excuse me; and I am persuaded that if the exalted being of whom I have spoken can be sensible of what passes here, he will approve of this humble effort to render his memory as useful as he himself took care that his life should be. Unusual as such a proceeding is, the House would excuse me if it originated from private feeling alone—but much more will it hold me excusable from the consideration of the public utility that must flow from the commemoration of so many virtues—virtues which, while every man who hears them, impresses them strongly on his bosom, while he teaches them by frequent repetition to his children, will be transmitted to remote posterity, and will excite a noble emulation in distant ages. I will conclude with applying to the present occasion a beautiful passage from an oration of a very young but a very wise and virtuous

man:—'The crime is only a curse to the time in which it is committed; but virtuous actions are a benefit to posterity by the example which they afford, and the emulation which they excite.'"

FURTHER ACCOUNT

OF THE

CELEBRATED MISS ROBERTSON,

LATE OF BLACKHEATH.

Written by herself.

IN former numbers of the Monthly Visitor we have stated some particulars relative to this female character—who has lately published a pamphlet containing an account of her own life and memoirs, and from which we extract the following:—

"Her father," she says, "was, at the time of his marriage, an oilman, resident in Horsleydown, but both he and her mother are represented as very deficient in the discharge of their parental duty. When about sixteen years of age, Miss Robertson engaged as teacher in a boarding-school at Richmond, from which situation she became a principal, at the age of eighteen, in a seminary of her own at Chelsea. Here she failed, in consequence of pecuniary difficulties, in which she was involved by her father, and she went to Scotland as governess to the daughters of the late Hon. Mr. Cunningham. A mutual affection grew up between her and the present Colonel Cunningham, the brother to her pupils: but his father refusing

his consent to their union, she left the family, and having passed through several situations, at length engaged (in 1795) as partner in a school with Miss Sharpe at Blackheath. In the mean time Mrs. Cunningham, who had conceived a great affection for her, died, having bequeathed her, among other things, the estate of Faskally, near Blair, in Perthshire. Mr. Cunningham, the father, having also died, and her lover thus become a free agent, her matrimonial hopes began to revive. The house at Blackheath being out of repair, and the lease on the point of expiring, Miss Sharpe and she agreed to leave it, and took a house in the Paragon in their joint names. It was on this house her debts are asserted to have been incurred, and in the style and manner of fitting it up she had a view to her union with the colonel. The work, however, went on slowly, and Miss Sharpe and she went to Margate, taking with them Mr. Creesy, until the Paragon house should be ready for their reception. In the mean time anonymous letters were written to the colonel, then in Ireland, reflecting on her character, and charging her with an improper connection with Mr. Creesy. These are assigned as the cause for the colonel's neglecting to renew his addresses with all the ardor and expedition that were expected. Being unable to discharge with punctuality the great expence incurred in fitting up the house, her solvency became suspected, and her creditors came down and possessed themselves of all her property in a manner, according to her statement, very oppressive."

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR MARCH, 1802.

PARAPHRASE

ON THE MOST DESCRIPTIVE PARTS OF

HERVEY'S WINTER PIECE.

PART. II.

LO! for a moment the outrageous sky
Seems now assuag'd, hath lain its terrors by,
But intermits its strength, until at length
Begins the contest with increasing strength:
Soon the loud sounding squadrons of the air
Fly to th' attack, nor grove nor cottage spare,
Repeat their ravages with dreadful pow'r,
Redoubled fury, and tremendous roar.
The stately dome rocks thro' the wheeling cloud,
And tow'r impregnable, with front once proud,
Now on its base, as a scar'd drunkard reels,
While he who courts its shelter, terror feels.
The ragged rock behold in pieces torn,
And e'en the hills forget their antient form.
The mountains on their deep foundations move—
Scarcely secure, a slender refuge prove.
Where now the place of safety?—Cities fly,
Houses are heaps, and all in ruins lie!
Refreshing sleep is from the eye-lids borne,
And gay diversions into mourning turn;

The elements in uproar round our heads
Sad consternation among mortals spreads;
And one wide scene of woe seems now at hand,
Of rueful devastation through the land!
With dread commotions see the ocean swells,
Its restless waves now leave their briny cells,
Swift as the wind o'er deep-worn rocks they sweep,
And almost bare the closets of the deep;
The rude unconquer'd heaps forsake their beds,
And to the clouds display their shiver'd heads,
In rapid agitation lash the clift,
And thro' the air their massive bodies lift.
Ships, from their anchors torn, no longer feel
The faithful check, but drive with naked keel:
With pond'rous load the stubborn furrows plow
Swift as an arrow from th' unfetter'd bow,
Wild as the whirlwind from avenging heav'n
Along the wat'ry vast abyss are driv'n—
Now o'er the rolling mount they climb, they fly
The frightful ridge along, and skim the sky;
Anon they rush down the rough yieding steep,
Plunge in the gulph, and dare the op'ning deep;
How vain the pilot's art! who now can guide
The shatter'd bark across the foaming tide?
The hardy mariner his strength has lost,
(His resolution as the billows tost)
Reels to and fro, or staggers in the hold,
And fear pervades a countenance once bold;
His feet no longer trusts, but to the mast
For safety clings, and waits th' eventful blast;
While bursting seas foam o'er the parting deck,
Nor aught has pity o'er the floating wreck:
Despair in ev'ry face, in ev'ry breath,
While the dread surge proclaims approaching death!

Too oft, alas! when past the joyless day
(Where mischief mark'd the tempest's rapid way,
And nature in th' unequal conflict bleeds),
With swift return a dismal night succeeds;
The low'ring vapours, which of late assail
The distant hills, had wove so thick a veil,

Thro' which the sun, drest in meridian might,
Could scarcely penetrate one ray of light.
What gloom o'erwhelms the still nocturnal hours,
And o'er the world a dead'ning silence pours!
The moon her face withdraws, nor star pervades
The deep arrangement of the dusky shades;
All now is pitchy darkness—not one ray
To cheer, or promise a returning day!
How great the change in nature—how forlorn
Last ev'ning left, how plain and unadorn'd!
Now a thick rime, with slow and silent fall,
Has shed its hoary honors over all;
Has shagg'd the fleeces of the gentle flocks,
And crisp'd the traveller's unguarded locks;
The hedges richly fring'd, and all the ground,
Profusely powder'd is the desart round—
Tassel'd with silver, the weak branches bend,
While in a plumy wave they strong ascend.
Midst all this gaudy dress what chills prevail,
Unwholesome damps the changing air assail;
The hazy influence spreads far and wide,
And slowly flows along the purple tide—
A listless languor clogs the springs of life,
And almost lulls to rest all nature's strife:
In vain the constant ruler of the day
Exerts his power; his now contracted sway,
Alas! too weak the vapours to dispel—
So hastes to rest within his dusky cell.
The cloud malignant that enwraps the world,
By winds not mov'd, nor by foul tempests hurl'd,
Hangs sullen down, unwelcome to remain,
And hides the prospects of the distant plain.
The stately temple deck'd all round with yew,
And sprightly village, screen themselves from view;
The rising turret now eludes the eye,
And nearer objects to oblivion fly.
Where Heav'n's blue arches? where the radiant sun?
Creation's boundless scenes, alas! now gone—
Lost! lost their beauties—quench'd their glories are,
The mighty orbs and brilliant polar star!

The world's throng'd theatre an empty space,
Its pictures elegant now void of grace;
One unextinguish'd blank their space supplies
From earth's dull surface to the darken'd skies!

End of the Second Part.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN IN PARIS

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SHE comes, benign enchantress, heav'n-born PEACE,
With mercy beaming in her radiant eye!—
She bids the horrid din of battle cease,
And at her glance the savage passions die!
'Tis nature's festival: let earth rejoice,
Vanquish'd and conqu'ror pour exulting songs;
In distant regions, with according voice,
Let man the vict'ry bless—its prize to man belongs!

Resistless FREEDOM, when she nerves the arm,
No vulgar triumph crowns the hero's might:
She, she alone can spread a moral charm
O'er WAR's fell deeds, and *sanctify* the fight!
Oh, GALLIA! in this bright immortal hour
How proud a trophy binds thy laurell'd brow!
REPUBLIC, hail! whose independent pow'r
All earth *contested once*—all earth *confesses now!*

Protecting spirits of the glorious dead,
Ah, not in vain the hero's noble toil,
Ah, not in vain the patriot's blood is shed—
That blood shall *consecrate* his native soil!
Illustrious names, to hist'ry's record dear,
And breath'd when some high impulse fires the bard,
For you shall VIRTUE pour the glowing tear,
And your remember'd deeds shall still your country guard!

And thou, lov'd BRITAIN, my parental isle,
Secure encircled by thy subject waves,
Thou land august, where FREEDOM rear'd her pile,
While Gothic night obscur'd a world of slaves;
Thy genius, that indignant heard the shock
Of frantic combat (strife unmeet for thee!)
Now views, triumphant, from his sea-girt rock,
Thee unsubdued alone—for thou alone wert free!

Oh happy, thy misguided efforts fail'd,
My country, when with tyrant hosts combin'd!
Oh, hideous CONQUEST, had thy sword prevail'd,
And crown'd the impious league against mankind?
Thou nurse of great design, of lofty thought,
What homicide, had thy insensate rage
Effac'd the sacred lesson thou hast taught,
And with thy purest blood inscrib'd on GLORY'S page!

Ah, rather haste to CONCORD'S holy shrine,
Ye rival nations, haste with joy elate;
Your blending garlands round her altar twine,
And bind the wounds of no immortal hate;
Go breathe responsive rituals o'er the sod
Where FREEDOM'S martyrs press an early grave;
Go, vow that never shall their turf be trod
By the polluting step of tyrant or of slave!

And from your shores the abject vices chace—
That low AMBITION generous souls disdain,
CORRUPTION, blasting ev'ry moral grace;
SERVILITY, that kneels to bless his chain!
Oh, LIBERTY, those demons far remove:
Come, nymph, severely good, sublimely great;
Nor to the raptur'd hope of mortals prove
Like those illusive dreams that pass the iv'ry gate!

Now age, that rolls o'er man thy dawning year,
Ah, sure all happy omens hail thy birth;
Sure whiter annals in thy train appear,
And purer glory cheers the gladden'd earth.

Like the young eagle, when his stedfast glance
Meets the full sun-beam in his upward flight,
So thou shalt with majestic step advance,
And fix thy dauntless eye on Liberty and Light!

LOVE AND MADNESS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HARK! from the battlements of yonder tower
The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour!
Rous'd from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
Poor B——k wakes—in solitude to weep!

"Cease, mem'ry (the friendless mourner cry'd)
To probe the bosom too severely tried!
Oh! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of fortune's better day:
When youthful hope, the music of the mind,
Tun'd all its charms, and E——n was kind!

"Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name!
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm—
In midnight shades I view thy passing form,
Pale as in that sad hour, when doom'd to feel,
Deep in thy perjur'd heart, the bloody steel!

"Demons of vengeance! ye, at whose command
I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,
Say ye, did pity's trembling voice controul
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul?
No! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till hate fulfill'd what baffled love began!

"Yes; let the clay-cold breast, that never knew
One tender pang to generous nature true,
(Half mingling pity with the gall of scorn)
Condemn this heart that bled in love forlorn!

" And ye, proud fair, whose souls no gladness warms,
Save rapture's homage to your conscious charms!
Delighted idols of a gaudy train!
Ill-can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond faithful heart, inspir'd to prove
Friendship refin'd the calm delight of love,
Feel all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjur'd pride's inhuman scorn!

" Say, then, did pitying Heav'n condemn the deed,
When vengeance bade thee, faithless lover! bleed?
Long had I watch'd thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow!
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estrang'd,
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wander'd hopeless, friendless, and alone!

" Oh, righteous heav'n! 'twas then my tortur'd soul
First gave to wrath unlimited controul!
Adieu the silent look, the streaming eye,
The murmur'd plaint, the deep heart-heaving sigh!
Long slumb'ring vengeance wakes to better deeds—
He shrieks, he falls, the perjur'd lover bleeds!
Now the last sigh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps—to wake no more!

" 'Tis done! the flame of heat no longer burns;
Nature relents—but, ah! too late returns!—
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel!
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes!

" Oh, 'twas a deed of murder's deepest grain!
Could B——k's soul so true to wrath remain?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell!—
Where love was foster'd, could not pity dwell?

" Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent nature's deep repose,

Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come!
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

"Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame!
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull'd to slumber, grief forgets to mourn!"

AN ACROSTIC.

FAM'D were the sons of Mars, who from the field
R etir'd not till they caus'd their foes to yield;
A nd fam'd is the hero, whom the frighten'd world
N o longer dreads, with threats of vengeance hurl'd!
C hild of caprice! dost thou aspire to fame—
I n the brute creation thou wilt find a name,
S o well adapted to thy beastly nature,
H eaven sure design'd you for the very creature:
I n you is found its characteristic feature,
L iken'd so justly, so exact, so true,
L o! 'tis *a fierce, a wild, obscene Yahoo!*

ACROSTIC.

HERE then's a change! once chivalry did rage,
I n virgin's cause our knights would then engage;
L et nature now her sad reverse deplore—
L ewd man can strike and spurn her from his door!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BERFORD.

Written in French by the Abbe Charpentier.

Translated by Sir John Ramsea.

BEDFORD's no more!—Oh, Heaven! unpitying fate
Has cut him off, e'en in his flow'ry prime:
Mourn, mourn, ye people! for your loss is great—
Too great, alas! to be retriev'd by time.

Albion! thou hast no subject left more true!
He, from oppression, would the poor defend:
Thy good, his love to thee made all his view,
And on thy bliss did his sole bliss depend.

Ferocious heroes! ye who breathe but wars,
And cities ruin, to give tombs their birth—
BEDFORD built up the havoc of your cars,
And sought his glory from the cultur'd earth.

As stoops the eagle, in her rapid flight,
To aid the feeble pinions of her young,
So would he guide the lab'rer with delight,
While science flow'd from his instructive tongue.

His name and high renown, from age to age,
As virtue's honor'd champion, shall descend;
He thought, he acted, and he liv'd a sage—
The weeping world laments a faithful friend.

Let others, on some Mausoleum's wall,
The useless grandeur of their rank impart:
The tears, for BEDFORD, that from nature fall,
Shall deeply fix his name in ev'ry heart!

TO A MISER.

THOU miserable wretch, thou sordid knave,
Thou canst not carrry riches to thy grave;
Say why direct thy views to things so mean,
Augment thy store, and give thy fellows pain?
Know that the Power that grants these things withal
Might call thee quick from this terraqueous ball,
To answer for the base ignoble deeds
From which, perhaps, this wealth proceeds!—
Methinks I hear you wishing to command,
And snatch the rod from the Almighty Hand;
Presumptuous man! know this can never be,
Thou canst not tell e'en thy longevity.
Power thou shalt have no more than what thou hast,
Thy days shall liken to a wintery blast—
Doating awhile upon thy treasur'd store,
Then die, and be forgotten evermore.

LINES,

Written with a Pencil on the blank Leaf of the *Farmer's Boy*, belonging to a Young Lady.

THOUGH *Bloomfield*'s Pencil, dipt in nature's hues,
Shall charm attention while the seasons roll,
And my poor *Black-Lead*, scorn'd by ev'ry muse,
Shall vanish ere it charm a single soul;

Its pride is fair LAVINIA thus to greet—
Emblem of each delight the seasons know,
As lambkins playful, and as roses sweet,
Gen'rous as wine, and pure as drifted snow.

ON SEEING A CANARY BIRD.

POOR little bird, I see thy captive state,
Confin'd within the limits of these wires—
How my heart beats at thy sad luckless fate,
My heart is kindred to thy just desires.

Thou, like some captive from his native home,
Bound fast by fetters of tyrannic pow'r,
Dost to thy keeper daily make thy moan,
Till hope's last glimm'rings beam on thee no more.

The lib'ral hand which nature has bestow'd
With burnish'd beauty on thy yellow breast,
Had with a double lustre brightly glow'd
Hadst thou the air of liberty possess'd.

Ah! had'st thou been a minstrel of the grove,
Thy warbling song had made the hills resound,
And with thy mate obey'd the calls of love,
Whilst thy fond offspring tun'd the vallies round.

How much unlike the lov'd Maria's mind,
(Where ev'ry pity, ev'ry virtue dwells,)
Is *this* that keeps thee here so close confin'd,
When joyous strains thy little heart ne'er swells.

Canst thou, poor bird, pour forth no melting lay,
To move thy jailor's heart, and set thee free?
Ah, no! for ever, ever must thou stay—
By heav'n thy fate goes hand in hand with me.

TO MISS L——.

With Beattie's Poems, as a New Year's Gift.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love,
Is charm'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you.

Literary Review.

The Field of Mars; being an alphabetical Digestion of the principal naval and military Engagements in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, particularly of Great Britain and her Allies, from the ninth Century to the Peace of 1801. *In two volumes, quarto.*—Robinsons. Embellished with upwards of seventy portraits, maps, charts, plans, views of battles and sea-fights. Second edition. 4*l.* 4*s.*

THE page of history is crowded with events of a most extraordinary kind. Man is often seen warring against man, and consigning each other with the fury of a wild beast to inevitable destruction. Over such scenes humanity drops a tear of pity. We feel for the perpetrators of such deeds, from whatever cause they may have arisen—we deem them the objects of our sincerest commiseration.

Whilst such terrible contests are carried on in the world, it is highly proper they should be recorded—they suggest many awful topics of instruction. The alphabetical form into which the present materials are thrown, is extremely convenient. They are in general the details of official communication, of course we may depend upon them; this is no small recommendation—we read such articles with the more pleasure when we are assured

of their authenticity. It is remarkable that with respect to the century lately expired, *more than half of it* was spent in hostilities. *War, horrible war,* seems to be the delight of mankind! Such being the case, a work of the present cast cannot fail of being acceptable to the generality of readers—it will be sought after and perused with avidity.

The augmentation in this new edition relate chiefly to the events of the late war, which is now happily brought to a termination. The heroic deeds of a *Nelson*, a *Howe*, and a *Duncan*, are given with a degree of copiousness gratifying to our curiosity.

Though we applaud the plan and execution of the work before us, yet we trust that few additions will need to be made in a long course of years. PEACE having again revisited our island, may it continue to bless us for ever! Be WAR far from us, and may TRANQUILLITY be ours to the latest posterity!

The History of the Rebellion in the year 1745; *by John Home, Esq.* Cadell and Davies. 1*l.* 1*s.*

MR. HOME, who is the author of the celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*, has now assumed the province of the historian, in which he has acquitted himself with ability. He was engaged in suppressing the revolution of 1745, and even taken prisoner by the opposite party; of course he was an eye-witness of several of the scenes, and his detail, under such circumstances, is entitled to particular attention.

We have been much pleased with the performance: no material event seems to have been omitted, and the whole is communicated in language marked by a perspicuous simplicity. None of the

flights of the poet indeed are to be found, but then we must recollect no such flights were to be here expected. An unaffected narrative is laid before the reader with a commendable impartiality. The lapse of *fifty* years has cooled the fury of party, and the *bare truth* is now offered to mankind.

The rebellion of 1745 forms an interesting epoch in the annals of our history—it was the last effort that the *Stuart family* made to recover the throne of these kingdoms: our good old folks well remember the troublesome period—the nation was agitated from one end to the other, and every thing seemed to be running into confusion. At one period, the rebels having penetrated England as far as Derby, the most fearful apprehensions existed that the insurrection would have been successful. The king's troops were repeatedly defeated; and had the Pretender received the promised aid from the French king, it might have been all over with us: tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, would once more have bound us in chains, and revenged her temporary overthrow by an additional severity. The battle of Culloden, however, settled the business—the 16th day of April, 1746, blasted the hopes of the insurgents, and continued to us the blessings which we had received at the revolution. The history of such a rebellion must be interesting to every Briton. Let us be thankful for the advantages we enjoy; and may they be communicated unimpaired to future generations!

The Friend of Women; translated from the French of Bourdier de Villemert by Alexander Morrice. Symonds. 6*s.*

THE present work by its very title engages our attention. We opened it with expectation, nor was our expectation disappointed. Rank of women in society—studies suitable to women—occupations of women—pleasures—luxury of women—dress, character, and disposition—love and gallantry—marriage—education of children—domestic government—virtues of women: these form so many titles for the respective chapters, and are treated with neatness and perspicuity. We may not agree with the author in every particular respecting the fair sex: but we most heartily join him in recommending them to improve their understandings, and fix their hearts on every valuable accomplishment. Turks and savages are alone intent on keeping women in a state of degradation: be it our boast and pride to act in a different manner; let us treat them with respect on every occasion, and study to render them intelligent and valuable members of society—they were to be our companions, not our slaves.

A scenic Arrangement of Isaiah's Prophecy relating to the Fall of the renowned City of Babylon, and Belshazzar its king; by Nathaniel Scarlet, editor of a Translation of the New Testament, upon a plan similar to that on which the present work is conducted. Vidler, *Strand.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE happy manner in which Mr. S. executed his translation of the New Testament, led us to expect from the perusal of the work before us

considerable pleasure. Indeed we have been much gratified. The pains taken, and the ingenuity displayed, merit the thanks of the religious world.

The writings of the ancient prophets abound with rapid transitions, which are the chief cause of their obscurity. This was the case more especially with the prophecy respecting Babylon. The many persons introduced, and the various events to which it points, make it difficult to be understood by the generality of readers. Mr. S. however, has disentangled these perplexities, by assigning to each speaker his appropriate language, and thus the whole prophecy seems to rise with a peculiar lustre out of those shades of obscurity in which it has long been enveloped. Indeed this interesting passage in holy writ, thus restored to a greater degree of perspicuity, displays the wonders of Providence in the accomplishment of prophecy, and by this means promotes the great cause of virtue and of piety.

Gleanings from the Writings of the celebrated Dean Swift, consisting chiefly of his humourous pieces; to which is added some Account of the Author.—Hurst. 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE works of Swift, however heterogeneous, will be always read for their smartness and variety. He was a most singular man, of exquisite talents, and had within him a fund of humour. But the whole of his productions is so voluminous, that few can be favoured with the perusal of them. *Seventeen large octavo volumes* are perfectly unapproachable to the generality of mankind: to have therefore a selection of his most entertaining pieces cannot fail of proving acceptable to readers of every description. Some of them are extremely laughable, whilst other articles are marked by that

grave and sarcastic humour for which the dean was distinguished. The memoirs prefixed are short but full: they shew that *Swift* with all his accomplishments, natural and acquired, wanted that *real good humour* which constitutes an essential ingredient in human felicity.

Sketches from Nature, taken and coloured in a Journey to Margate; published from original designs; by George Keate, Esq. To which is now first added, Memoirs of the Life of the Author. Fifth edition. Hurst. 4*s.* 6*d.*

MR. KEATE, the author of this pleasing publication, is well known to the public by his *Account of the Pelew Islands*, in which a state of nature is delineated with singular ability. Here the subject of his pen is of a more simple but not less interesting kind. A *journey to Margate*—who has not performed it? In the present volume, therefore, the incidents of such a journey are happily depicted, the sentiments and language being a successful imitation of Sterne. The work before us is very neatly got up, and its embellishments are of an appropriate cast. As a specimen of the cheerful spirit in which it is written, we shall transcribe the concluding words, alluding to the termination of the journey: "I do not recollect in all my life to have passed a more delicious night, for I slept till late the next morning without the smallest interruption, and arose in the finest spirits imaginable; nor will I ever be persuaded, to this moment, that it was half so much occasioned by the exercise and fatigue of the preceding day, as it was by having gone to bed *in perfect good humour with the world.*"

An Appeal to the Society of Friends on the primitive Simplicity of their Christian Principles and Church Discipline, and on some recent Proceedings in the said Society. Part II. and III. Johnson.

WHEN the first part of this Appeal appeared, we noticed it, and promised to announce the subsequent parts upon their publication. Accordingly we are happy in saying, that the whole work is now completed. It relates to the case of a celebrated female preacher of the name of *Hannah Barnard*: she stands accused of *heresy*, and has on this account been silenced.

The author of the *Appeal*, dissatisfied with the measures of the society against this amiable and intelligent American (for such she appears to be), earnestly remonstrates with them, and we trust the remonstrance will have some good effect. The whole proceedings savour strongly of persecution: they have treated this good woman much in the same way that they themselves were treated in the reign of the Stuarts; every unfair method was *then* taken to *silence* them. *Hannah Barnard*, however, defends herself with uncommon spirit, and the *Appeal* contains some shrewd remarks on the violent phillippic of a Mr. Bevan, who on this occasion seems to have acted as *attorney general* to the society.

The Picture of London for the Year 1802, *&c.* Philips. 5*s*.

THE metropolis of the British empire offers an abundance of materials for a work of this kind, but it ought to be executed with judgment and ability. The plan which the author has here adopted embraces a wide field, much information is

of course communicated, and the pages are marked with an uncommon variety. How far the writer has justly drawn the character of the Londoners, we pretend not to say: but the volume is, on the whole, well executed. The lists of different kinds are an acceptable addition to the book, and very useful to persons of a certain description. In the theological part, or rather in the account of ministers, there is a want of judgment displayed: some names are mentioned which would have been better omitted, both among the church and the Dissenters. In the next edition we shall expect such things will be corrected. However with all its defects, the little work is deserving of praise, and will contribute to the amusement of the rising generation.

An Attempted Reply to the Master of Westminster School, or Reflections suggested by his Defence of public Education; by David Morrice. Second edition. Lackington and Allen. 1*s*.

HAVING announced to the public the *Defence of public Schools*, by Dr. Vincent, we think it fair to apprise our readers of this *Reply*, in which they will meet with many remarks worthy of attention. We do not, indeed, coincide with its author in every article of proposed emendation. But we are certain that however difficult may be the task, *large public Schools* ought to undergo considerable reformation. We do not like the epithet *attempted* in the title—it had been better omitted. With respect to the *Reply*, the intelligent reader must be pronounced the most competent judge of its utility.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR. COOKE has made his appearance in the character of Sir John Falstaff, in Henry the Fourth. His first attempt of this arduous part was for his own benefit, and on such occasions the efforts of a performer, however feeble, generally meet with liberal indulgence. Having since repeated it for the house, criticism is called upon for either its praise or censure. We are sorry we cannot bestow the former. Mr. Cooke may be well acquainted with some of Shakespeare's other characters, but he is by no means equal to the dry humour of this merry knight.——Young Siddons, in Hotspur, was respectable.

The new ballet which has been some time announced, has been delayed, we understand, by the proprietors of the opera-house not permitting Mr. D'Egville's superintendence of it.

DRURY LANE.

AMONG the revivals at this theatre were the comedy of the Double Dealer, and the tragedy of the Orphan. The former is a play which requires excellent acting, as every character is excellent. The female characters were best supported. Mr. King's Sir Paul Pliant was truly comic; Mr. Kemble, in Maskwell, was respectable; but the other male performers did not exceed mediocrity.—The Orphan was very indifferently played, if we except the characters of Castalio and Monimia.

Tuesday, March 2, a new comedy, called *Lovers' Resolutions*, was produced.

CHARACTERS.

Major Manford	Mr. POPE
Lord Burville	Mr. WROUGHTON
General Highmore	Mr. PALMER
Mr. Maplethorp	Mr. DOWTON
Timothy Maplethorp	Mr. SUETT
Jack Worthington	Mr. BANNISTER
David	Mr. WATHEN
Lady Caroline	Mrs. POPE
Miss Rivers	Mrs. YOUNG
Mrs. Maplethorp	Mrs. SPARKS.

The fable is of a very simple texture. Lady Caroline (the only daughter of the Earl of Burville) and Major Manford are inspired with a mutual passion. He is employed in the expedition to Egypt, and in his absence, her father (who is inimical to his suit) prevails on her to bestow her hand upon another. Her husband, however, dies before his return, and as the major had distinguished himself by several gallant exploits during the campaign, Lord Burville is induced to comply with

his daughter's wishes (who retains all her former affection) and to make him a tender of her hand. This the major obstinately refuses, although his love is not less ardent than Lady Caroline's. An interview is at length effected between them, and he relents as much by the force of his own passion as by the blunders of General Highmore, brother-in-law to Lord Burville, "in which there is as much persuasion as in the eloquence of others." Lady Caroline and her father, piqued in their turn at the haughty conduct of the major, reject his advances. Another interview takes place—the lovers explain—are reconciled, and their union is finally agreed to. The underplot is formed from the rivalship between Timothy Maplethorp and Jack Worthington in the affection of Miss Rivers, the ward of Major Manford, and the sister of his friend, a brother soldier who fell gloriously in the field of battle in Egypt. They are both nephews of Mr. Maplethorp—the first, a man-milliner, and the second an honest Kentish yeoman. The latter succeeds in his suit.

This comedy comes from the pen of Mr. Cumberland, the successful author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lovers, Brothers (Jew), Wheel of Fortune, *cum multis aliis*; and the UNSUCCESSFUL author of the Dependent Country Attorney, and Lovers Resolutions, which, if possible, is the worst of his bad ones, being totally devoid of wit, humour, and interest; the plot is meagre and uninteresting, the sentiments stale and puerile, and the only attempt at character was in the delineation of Major Manford. It was attempted to be announced for a second representation, but in vain—and has been since prudently withdrawn by the author.

ORATORIOS.

THE oratorios commenced at Covent Garden the first Friday in Lent, under the direction of Mr. Ashley. The first was "A grand Selection of Sacred Music from Handel." The house was overflowed at an early hour, owing, no doubt, to the powerful attraction of Mrs. Billington. Her airs were executed with great taste, particularly "Angels ever bright and fair," and "Let the bright Seraphim," in which she was accompanied by the trumpet. Mr. Braham also received great applause, though his voice is not so well calculated for sacred music. The "Messiah" has also been performed, and the several airs admirably executed by Mrs. Billington, Miss Stevens, Miss Tyrer, Mr. Braham, and Mrs. Denman;—also "Acis and Galatea," *&c.*

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF THE INHABITANTS OF RUSSEL-PLACE, FITZROY-SQUARE.

by a Female Resident.

1 Pine,
2 Smart,
3 Rose,
4 Rudge,
5 Williams,
6 Bishop,
7 Perera,
8 Grant,
9 Gore,
10 Moffat,
11 Purling,
12 Toogood,
13 Turlong,
14 Balme,
15 Heath,
16 Knatchbull,
17 Riggs,
18 Walker,
19 Wilson,
20 Macgie,
21 Crisio,
22 Taylor,
23 Low,
24 Prevost.

A BAD PARSON.

With a head-piece as hollow as an empty brass *Kettle*,
And a visage well sheath'd in the very same *Metal*;
See, dozing, and smoaking, and grasping his *Pot*,
Ionasus, the drowsy canonical *Sot*.
Tythe-pigs, nicely roasted, come into his *Head*,
And, dreaming, he cries, "Tom, give me some *Bread!*"
Then rouzing, refreshes tir'd nature with *Tea*,
Looks over the paper, or strolls by the *Sea*.
In the evening, surrounded by spirits and *Wine*,
Nor palsy nor gout can his ardor con-*Fine*;
Shut snug in his parlour, he laughs at the *Cold*,
Despises all danger, and feels very *Bold*.
Till vanquish'd, at length, and stretch'd under the *Table*,
Should justice determine, he'd bed in the *Stable*—
In the stable! I think it would not be too *Hard*
To let the old soaker grow cool in the *Yard*.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR MARCH, 1802.

IT is with secret satisfaction (which every true friend to peace and humanity must experience) that we are this month able to announce to our readers, from official authority, the glad tidings of the arrival of the DEFINITIVE TREATY from Amiens. We have been long in anxious expectation for the consummation of this most desirable object; and are fully persuaded that every true lover of his country will cordially join with us in the earnest prayer that the sword of slaughter may be for ever sheathed, and PEACE be the permanent inheritance of all mankind! The welcome fact has been communicated in an official letter from Lord Hawkesbury to the Lord Mayor, by the following

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing-street, Monday, March 29, 1802.

"Mr. Moore, assistant Secretary to Marquis Cornwallis, arrived this morning at nine o'clock with the Definitive Treaty of Peace, which was signed at Amiens at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th instant, by the Plenipotentiary of his Majesty, and by the Plenipotentiaries of France, Spain, and the Batavian Republic."

From abroad little intelligence of any kind has been received. *St. Domingo* (an island in the West Indies) is the theatre of action—towards which the eyes of most persons are at this period directed. The French fleet has arrived there, and made a landing, but has met with considerable opposition. *Toussant*, who is at the head of the blacks there, was formerly an overseer in the island, and is a mulatto. He appears, by every account which we have seen of him, to be a man of talents and no small resolution.

No debates have occurred in the House of Commons of any great moment. Mr. Fox's eulogium, delivered within its walls, may be pronounced a master-piece of oratory: the sentiments are just, the language elegant, and the whole is fraught with an amiable and impressive sensibility. The deceased nobleman was an excellent character, and his removal by death will be sensibly felt by society.

We close this article in our usual manner, by expressing our ardent desire that the PEACE we enjoy may be perpetuated, and that every blessing may rest on our beloved country!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR MARCH, 1802.

2. DUKE OF BEDFORD died at Woburn Abbey, in the 36th year of his age—a real loss to society. (See a former article in our miscellany.)

3. The musical society called the New Musical Fund, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, had their annual benefit concert at the King's Theatre, Haymarket—combining, perhaps, the grandest musical talents ever exhibited at once in public since the performances in Westminster Abbey at the commemoration of Handel. There were between three and four hundred performers, and on the rising of the curtain, it had a very impressive appearance. A temporary orchestra was erected on the stage, from the front gradually ascending to the top of the Opera House.

4. A melancholy accident happened in Perkin's Rents, Westminster. A large old house, inhabited by a number of poor families, suddenly fell in about half past ten o'clock with a horrible crash, which was heard at a great distance. The unfortunate beings who were thus buried alive, had retired to rest, among whom were many children. The people that assembled, directed by their cries and groans, immediately set about removing the rubbish and extricating the sufferers, so that by day-light all were dug out of the ruins—some miserably wounded, others dead!

6. At the annual court of the Royal Humane Society, Dr Lettsom presided. Several extraordinary instances of resuscitation were read, which had been communicated by medical assistants. At the anniversarys fetival, on the 6th of next month, various persons will havetheir just honors confer-

red, for having providentially restored their fellow-creatures to life. "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"

10. Funeral of the Duke of Bedford, which was conducted with every appropriate solemnity.

13. Henry Cock, the person advertised for forgery (and for the apprehending of whom a reward of 100*l.* was offered), was brought to town from Cambridge by Bow-street officers, who took him into custody at that place, where he had been on a hunting party with some friends. Admitting himself to be the person, he was ordered for further examination.

14. Lieutenant Lutwidge, tried at Winchester for the murder of a common sailor, by striking him with the tiller of a boat; he was found guilty of man-slaughter, and sentenced to three months of imprisonment, and a fine of one hundred pounds.

15. A common hall was held, for the purpose of taking the repeal of the income-tax into consideration. A motion for a repeal was moved by Mr. Benjamin Travers, seconded by Mr. Waithman, and was carried by a large and respectable majority. Other corporations beside that of London mean to petition, and it is supposed that the example of the metropolis will be followed very generally throughout Great Britain. It is likely to be repealed.

19. A curious *fracas* happened at Maidstone. After the close of assize, the gentlemen of the bar supped together as usual, and spent the evening with great conviviality. Mr. Serjeant Best retired at an early hour. He had scarcely got into the street when two persons came up and stared him in the face; he thought it suspicious, but went on to call on a gentleman. He observed two persons following him. He called at the gentleman's door, but not finding him at home, he returned up the street, and was within a few steps of his own lodg-

ing, when one of the two persons came up to him and demanded to know if his name was Mr. Serjeant Best. He said it was. "Then," said the person, "you are a scoundrel!" Upon which the serjeant knocked him down, and proceeded to the door of his house, when his assailant overtook him, and a scuffle ensued. On lights being brought in, the person turned out to be Samuel Waddington, Esq. accompanied by his clerk. The latter told Mr. Best that he had left a letter addressed to him on his table. It was brought, and turned out to be a printed paper addressed to him in terms evidently meant as a challenge on the part of Mr. Waddington. We suppose the matter will come before the King's Bench.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

RICHARD GUYER, Gracechurch-street, London, hatter. James Nowlan, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, soap-maker. John Wainright, Liverpool, gun-maker. Ralph Blease, Liverpool, grocer. Thomas Johnson, Ouze-Fleet, Howdon, Yorkshire, dealer and chapman. William Collier, Leigh, Lancashire, corn-dealer. Joseph Simpson, Colchester, Essex, brazier. Samuel Joseph Clegg and John Whitby, Liverpool, merchants. John Emett, Stoneyhurst, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. Peter Allen, Nantwich, Cheshire, innholder. William Williams, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper. James Wallis, the younger, Bristol, Biscuit-baker. George Gill, Warrington, Lancashire, merchant. Epward Twamley, Swansea, Glamorganshire, baker. Matthew Coates Horsley, Bread-street, merchant. William Butler, Weldon, Northampton. Edward Bower, late of New Mills, Derby, cotton-spinner. Robert Foggan, Salford,

Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. John Yendole, West Monckton, Somerset, mealman, Thomas Young, Rippon, York, grocer. Henry Williams, Crickhowell, Brecon, money-scrivener. Henry Hope, Liverpool, woollen-draper. William Wrigg, Manchester, liquor-merchant. L. Graham, W. Graham, and T. Graham, Liverpool, merchants. Charles Webb, Bromsgrove, Worcester, money-scrivener, dealer and chapman. Henry Pedlar, Bath, linen-draper. James Kingston, Duke-street, Manchester-square, surgeon and apothecary. John Green, Cumberland-street, Curtain-road, Middlesex, butcher. George Platt, Weakey, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier. Thomas Like, Old Brompton, Middlesex, builder. Robert Bottle, Great Warner-street, Clerkenwell-green, Middlesex, brandy-merchant. Richard Milne, Rochdale, Lancashire, scrivener. John Anderson, of Church-street, Borough, twine-spinner. John Cobb, of Wisbeach St. Peters, Cambridge, mill-wright. William Maskery, Lane-end, Stafford, mercer. Robert Donaldson, Liverpool, haberdasher, Sarah Bickerton, Great Yarmouth, hosier. Thomas Williamson, Holbeach, Lincoln, grocer and draper. Werral Palmer, Holbeach, Lincolnshire, draper. Arthur Webster, Belper, Derbyshire, baker. George Pierson, Cockermouth, Cumberland. Jonah Dyer, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester, spinning-machine-maker. John Kindon, Bristol, cabinet-maker and broker. Isaac Woodall, Picket-how, Cumberland, hatter. Adam Steuart, Liverpool, merchant. William Morris, Liverpool, Lancaster, grocer. Robert Rippon, Liverpool, merchant. John Lewis, Lower Burgh, Chorley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Gilbert M'Kennan, Liverpool, ironmonger. Charles Stockwell, Shelf, Halifax, Yorkshire, scribbling-miller. Charles Hemingway, Leeds, presser. James Haigh,

Shelf, farmer. Samuel Stockwell, Halifax, yeoman. John Baker, Leeds, dyer. John Rogerson, Leeds, dyer. John Westby Hatfield, Falmouth, warehouseman. Ebenezer Coombs, St. James's-street, Westminster, stationer. John Hobart, Warwick-street, Golden-square, Middlesex, harp and musical instrument maker. Richard Swainson and John Gardner, Liverpool, grocers. Thomas Strickland and Swinton Colthurst Holland, Liverpool, merchants. Henry Fraser, Nightingale-lane, grocer. Stephen Woodbridge, New Brentford, stationer. Thomas Bates, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, auctioneer. Peter Hunter, Durham, money-scrivener. Robert Maunder, Exeter, wine-merchant. Griffith Williams, late of Tooley-street, Southwark, cheese-monger. Joseph Mills, Macclesfield, Cheshire, hat-manufacturer. Joseph Harris, Holywell-street, Middlesex, salesman. John Clegg and John Prince, Watling-street, warehousemen. John Taylor and John Hudson, Bordesley, near Birmingham, factors and locksmiths. Robert Wordon, Pincock Mill, near Chorley, Lancaster, miller. Joseph Johnson, Manchester, merchant. Edward Russell, Maidstone, Kent, hop-merchant. Henry Collings and Richard Ireland Gifford, Gloucester, skinners. John Mash, Aylsham, Norfolk, merchant. Charls Elliott Scott, Upper Berkley-street, bookseller. John Howett, St. Martin's lane, carpenter and builder. Philemon Pownoll, Piccadilly, banker. Luke Stavely, Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant. Nathaniel James, late of Liverpool, factor. David Maitland, New Bridge-street, merchant. Dudley Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, trunk-maker. Joshua Jepson Oddy, and John Oddy, St. Mary Axe, merchants. Thomas Mickleson, Lynn, Norfolk, tailor and woollen-draper. James Beesley, James-street, Manchester-square, plated patent fire-irons maker. Edward

Fenwick, Kingston-upon-Hull, inn-keeper. William Edwards, Short's Buildings, Clerkenwell, bow-string manufacturer. Thomas Ward, late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. Joseph Lee, late of Church-street, Lambeth, mariner. Samuel Mourilyan, late of Deal, tailor. Gilbert Bluett, West Smithfield, coffeehousekeeper. John King, Coventry, inn-holder. Peter Cumming, late of Union-court, Broad-street, London, merchant. Alexander Brown, Sevenoaks, Kent, butcher. Nathaniel, James, and Robert Black, Liverpool, merchant. John Wright, Piccadilly, bookseller. George Andrew, Sheffield, cornfactor. Josiah Rose, Olton, Warwick, tanner. Charles Moke, Bucklesbury, merchant.

BIRTHS.

On Sunday the 7th instant, at Holland House, the lady of Lord Holland, of a son. On Tuesday, the 16th, in Bedford-square, the lady of Henry Davidson, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Lately, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. Mr. Rippon, rector of Hitchen, Herts, and chaplain to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland, to Miss Fearns, of Kensington palace. —On Thursday, the 11th, at St. Michael's, Bassishaw, Thomas Cadell, jun. Esq. of Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square (son of Alderman Cadell), to Miss Smith, daughter of Robert Smith, Esq. of Basinghall-street.—On Thursday, the 25th, at St. Martin's church, Col. Francis Moor, to Mrs. Pulling, widow of the late Capt. Pulling, and daughter of Admiral Kingsmill.

DEATHS.

At Gibraltar, on the 22nd of last month, that gallant and distinguished officer, General O'Hara. —At Rheims, in Germany, a woman of the age of 102, having had 19 husbands, and bred up 27 children; she was attended to the grave by 156 sons, grandsons, and great grandsons, many of the former going upon crutches, or led along blind or borne down with age.—On Monday, the 1st instant, at Strawberry-hill, near Columpton, Devonshire, the Right Hon. Charles Henry, Earl of Montrath. —On the same day, at Chatham, Rear-admiral James M'Namara.—On Tuesday, the 2nd, at Shobdon court, in the county of Hereford, the Right Hon. John Lord Viscount Bateman, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of that county.—On the 11th instant, Col. Count Sutton Clanard.—On Friday morning, the 12th instant, at her house in Grosvenor-square, Miss Wilkes, the daughter of the celebrated John Wilkes, of political notoriety. —On Tuesday, the 23d, universally regretted, Henry, Earl Fauconberg, of an apoplectic fit.

To Correspondents.

We are much indebted to the Rev. Mr. Butcher for the many rich contributions to the Monthly Visitor, and trust that he will still continue to exercise his pen in the cause of morality and virtue, to the entertainment and improvement of our subscribers. His favors will ever experience the most prompt attention on our part.

It is with equal pleasure that we should recognize the signature of our ingenious correspondent, W. Case, Jun. To him we acknowledge our obligations for many valuable articles.

Lines on Friendship do not possess sufficient merit to obtain a place in our miscellany.

We are sorry that our correspondent H. K. W. should consider us remiss in our attention to his favours. We assure him that the communication in question has never reached us. His *Elegiac Verses* shall appear in our next.

Several pieces have come to hand this month, which we have not sufficient room in the present number to acknowledge; in due course they will be attended to.

*** Notwithstanding our monthly intimation that all communications to the Editor are to be directed post paid, we are informed there are several letters now remaining at our publisher's, *post unpaid*, which cannot be recognised; but upon application to the publisher, will be returned unopened.

Hopwood, sc.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.R

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